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# THE ICE-FIEND.

C.B.

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# THE ICE-FIEND.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE CAPTAIN'S FATE.

A HUGE bowhead whale breached its full length out of water, and fell back again, with a crash like a thunderbolt.

The spray flew around it in showers, and the icebergs trembled in its vicinity, nodding their crystal spear-points on all sides.

The whale was seen by the crew of the ship Manton of New Bedford, in the Arctic Ocean.

From stern to stern the good ship was so sheeted with ice that she seemed plated with armor. Her sails hung from the yards motionless and as stiff as boards, while her ice-covered rigging, catching the rays of the sun, glittered like silver network.

All around her rose stupendous bergs, fantastically shaped, forming innumerable caverns where seal and the sea-lion found snug quarters, and into which the tusked walrus occasionally protruded its head.

The captain of the ship, John Winton, and his mate, Fred Harland, were on deck when the whale appeared.

Winton was a rough-looking sailor of fifty-four, Harland a young man barely twenty; as fine a fellow as one would wish to see.

His pants of white duck and his neat Guernsey, set off the lithe, sinewy proportions of his noble form, topped by a pair of good, broad shoulders, indicating more than an ordinary degree of strength.

Not far off stood Dot Winton—the captain's child—a young woman of sixteen—a little brunette, with the sweetest round, rosy face, the prettiest dimples, the most bewitching brown eyes, and the neatest foot and ankle that ever graced her sex. She wore a round fur cap without lapels, as her



pretty pink ears were astonishingly impervious to cold, a short beaver coat, edged with white fur, setting off the matchless curve of the waist, and a black merino dress edged with red trimming.

From under the fur cap her black, shining tresses, rippling and curling, fell down her back in thick clusters, which the white hand was often seen to push back from her face when the tossing of the pretty head would not accomplish this purpose.

This young girl was the betrothed of Fred Harland, whom she had known for several years.

The sight of the whale was the signal for lowering four boats.

They had proceeded some distance among the winding labyrinths of the icebergs ere the monster was again seen, when up he came, within six fathoms of the captain's boat.

The harpooner—a dusky Kanaha—planted two irons in the whale's hump, and "Stern!" was now the order.

The crew obeyed.

With backward rush, however, the leviathan gained the boat's bow, and up went his flukes, fanning the air straight above the head of the captain, who, this time, had changed places with his harpooner.

All saw the captain's peril, and shuddered. Ere the skipper could jump aside, the ponderous flukes, it seemed evident, would come crashing down upon his head.

At that moment the voice of Fred Harland, just to leeward of the skipper, was heard.

"PULL AHEAD!"

His men obeying, bent to their oars like whalebones, and, with arrowy swiftness, his boat shot straight upon the monster's eye.

This had the desired effect.

Down went the whale, with flukes still elevated, ere it disappeared in the sea.

Harland had saved the captain's life!

"Hooray! hooray! Hoo! hoo!" screamed the wild crew, and away went the skipper's boat, dragged with terrific velocity, crashing and thumping against the ice, with the line humming and drumming around the loggerhead.



The boat was nearly stoven by the ice ere the captain succeeded in killing the whale. When at last the monster spouted blood, the men yelled like wild Indians.

Harland came up with the other boats, and many grateful glances were directed toward him, for having saved the life of the skipper, who was loved and respected for his courage and kindness by all hands except one.

This one was Ben Waters, the second mate—an Esquimaux by birth—a dark-browed man of thirty, who had wanted Dot Winton for a wife, but had been unable to get her because she preferred Harland. He sat sullen and gloomy in his boat, his arms folded across his broad chest. A thick fog was now gathering. The ice had also closed round the boats, which were but twenty fathoms or so from land.

"Hey, what dat?" exclaimed a stout little Portuguese, whom the men christened "Crook Spoon" on account of his bandy legs, and a face which, being hollow on the surface, was shaped like a spoon.

As he spoke, he pointed toward an ice precipice, projecting out near the land, indistinctly seen through the fog.

The men glanced in the indicated direction in time to catch a glimpse of a singular-looking form, which, however, disappeared in a moment on top of the iceberg.

As well as the spectators could decide, from this momentary glimpse, the object was short and squat, and seemed something between a bear and a human being.

"Did you see its face?" Harland inquired of the Portuguese.

"Ay, ay, me see," answered Crook Spoon, crossing himself with a look of horror; "eyes like coals of fire! He have hoofs too! me see! me see!"

The rest of the men laughed. The captain looked sober.

"It certainly was a strange-looking thing," said he. "I caught sight of its ears, which seemed very large and of a black color!"

"Perhaps it was a donkey," cried Mr. Waters, laughing, "although I never heard of that animal being hereabout."

As he spoke a scream, so shrill and unearthly, that all hands were startled, was heard, apparently right above their heads.



"That *may* have been a bird," said the captain, "although I doubt it."

As the noise was not repeated, the men now made preparations for being ready to tow the whale to the ship when the tide should turn.

Night was gathering darkly, and as a breeze had now sprung up, the captain said he would go to the ship to bring her in that direction.

He went.

The crew waited in vain for the appearance of the ship. The long night wore away, and morning found them still waiting. The fog had by this time cleared, but there was no sign of the vessel. Harland said he would go and see what it meant.

He did so, eventually, with great difficulty, reaching the ship, by working his way through the closely-packed masses of ice.

"I am so glad you have come," said Dot Winton—the first person he saw on boarding the vessel—"I have not slept all night. How is father?"

"Your *father*? He is here, is he not?"

"Good heavens, *no*!" answered Dot, turning pale. "Now I *know* something is the matter!"

"It is strange," and Fred explained.

"He is lost! Oh, Fred, I am afraid he is lost!" wailed Dot.

"Nay; don't be downhearted. Perhaps he was caught in the ice, in the dark, so that he could not get on. I trust we will soon see him."

She gathered hope from his words; but, the next moment he saw she was trembling from head to foot.

"Oh, Fred!" she said, when he had directed the ship toward the spot where the boats lay in waiting. "I feel strangely! As if something dreadful has happened. I have not felt right since the boats left yesterday afternoon!"

Fred endeavored to cheer the poor girl.

Finally they came in sight of the boats.

The young mate went among them.

No sign of Captain Winton, yet. Fred went to search for him in the ice.

At length he came upon a fragment of the captain's whale-



boat, showing that it had got stoven. As there were plenty of icebergs, however, he concluded that the skipper and his crew had made their way ashore, so he directed his course thither.

On gaining the land, he came upon the crew in a deep valley of ice, from which they were endeavoring to extricate themselves. They shouted to him that they had slipped and fallen in there during the night.

The captain was not among them, and they could not tell what had become of him, although they were sure he had accompanied them ashore.

With his whaling-line, Fred soon helped the men out of the ice-valley. Then all continued their search for the captain.

At last they found him.

He lay upon his back, stone dead, in a small rift of ice, his hands tightly clenched upon his breast, his glazed eyes turned skyward!

His hands were removed, and a red gash, apparently inflicted with a spear, was discovered in his breast, just above the region of the heart!

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## CHAPTER II.

### DESERTED.

FOR several moments on making this dreadful discovery, the spectators stood looking at each other, without the power to utter a word.

Then Fred Harland pressed his hands to his eyes, endeavoring vainly to keep back his tears.

Poor Dot! What would she do—what would she say, when they should bring the dead body of her father aboard?

Suddenly the young man felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to confront Ben Waters.

"You have no need to feel bad about it," said the coarse fellow, "as his death puts you in command of the ship!"

Fred turned his piercing gaze upon the speaker, his eyes flashing.



"Mr. Waters," he said, in a low, stern voice, "if ever you speak that way to me again, I will knock you down!"

Waters turned pale and showed his teeth.

"One thing is certain," he answered. "I will not serve under a tyrant. Your talking that way shows what's to come."

"Nay," replied Fred. "I will treat you well enough, if you do not insult me, as you did just now."

So saying, he turned to the men, and motioned to them, for a choking sensation in his throat now prevented his speaking, to put the body in his boat.

This was done, and in a quarter of an hour the deceased was taken aboard the ship.

Fred had gone ahead to prepare Dot for what was coming; but a mere hint at the truth, was sufficient for the poor girl.

She uttered a cry of agony, and fell senseless in the young man's arms.

He conveyed her into the cabin, and, with the assistance of the Rev. John Beaton—an old missionary, who had accompanied Captain Winton on this cruise for the sake of his health, which had become poor at the Sandwich Islands—he soon restored her to her senses.

"Papa—papa!" cried Dot, wildly.

Mr. Beaton gradually explained the sad tidings, and Dot was led up to look at her poor father's remains, which were already being prepared for burial.

She threw herself upon the body, and covered the cold face with kisses.

He had ever been a kind, indulgent parent to her, and as she had no mother living, she felt his loss more than words can express.

"Come, Dot, come," said Fred, tenderly. "Come away."

"No, no, no," she moaned, still clinging to the body. "It can not be! He is my father—my own papa, and he is *not* dead! Speak to me—speak, papa!"

And she parted his hair, and looked down upon his glazed eyes.

"Perhaps he will come to, again," she went on. "Oh, do not throw him into the cold water. Speak, papa, speak!"

The agony in her voice brought tears to all eyes. She was temporarily insane.



Suddenly, having gazed at him long and earnestly, she threw both her arms around his neck, and the tears rolled like rain from her eyes.

This relieved the pent-up brain, and reason came back.

Finally she allowed herself to be drawn away, and the preparations for burial went on.

The flag was hoisted at half-mast. The men gathered sadly in the waist, and the minister read the funeral service.

Dot, leaning upon Fred's arm, covered her face with her hands as the body, sewed up in canvas, disappeared, with a dull splash, into the cold depths.

"Gone," moaned the poor girl, glancing wildly around her; then she buried her face upon her lover's bosom, and added in a heart-broken voice: "My poor—poor papa!"

That same day Fred Harland, with a party of resolute men, went ashore and searched for the murderer, who was supposed to have been some one of the natives, inhabiting the coast.

The searchers wandered far, but could discover no trace of a human being.

A few tracks, more like those of a horse's hoofs than any thing else, were discovered, leading some yards; but the snow, which had commenced to fall soon after the discovery of the body, had filled up all the others.

Among the shore party was Ben Waters.

This man struck off, by himself, toward the eastward, promising to join the others by night, if not before, at the place where they had landed.

When Fred, with his men, reached the boat, however, no sign of Ben Waters was there.

During a portion of that night and half of the next day, the missing man was vainly looked for.

At last the party came upon some crooked writing in the snow.

"Captain Harland, you are a tyrant, and I shall never return to your ship. If I perish, my death be upon your head."  
"BEN WATERS."

"Foolish man!" cried Fred.

He continued the search the rest of that day, but without success. Then he returned to the ship, where those aboard



were now busy cutting in the whale which had been captured.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried Dot to the young captain. "I feel strangely now, here, away out at sea, among all these men."

"Dot," said Fred, tenderly, winding his arms around her waist, "under common circumstances, I would not think of asking of you, what I now am going to do, so soon after the death of your father. But, knowing that you must now feel very lonesome and friendless, believing, in fact, that it is the best thing we can do, as we do not know, from one moment to another, what may happen, requiring that you should ever have near you some person with the free right to protect you, I would suggest that our union take place as soon as possible, here, aboard this vessel."

That Dot at once agreed with him, was made manifest by her actions. She laid her cheek upon his broad breast, and inclosed by his strong arms, showed how comforted she felt in the idea of having so noble a protector.

The position of the young woman was such that her face was now toward the cabin window.

Fred suddenly saw her turn as pale as death, and felt her tremble in his arms.

In answer to his inquiring look, she pointed toward the window, glancing at which, Fred caught a glimpse of a demoniacal-looking face, with great, fiery eyes, and huge ears, as it was quickly withdrawn.

He rushed to the window, threw it open, and looked out; but he could see nothing in the darkness.

He sprung out upon an iceberg, and advanced as far as he could, to behold the dim outline of a canoe, containing a single occupant, making off toward the shore.

He called to the men aboard to lower his boat. This was done, and heading it, he was soon pulling in the direction he had seen the fugitive take. They reached the shore; but could discover no further sign either of the singular visitor or his canoe.

An old sailor, named Tom Winters, ventured, during the search, out of sight of the rest.

As he did not come back, they went to look for him, and



found his dead body, stretched on the snow, with a wound in the breast similar to that the captain had received.

A feeling of superstitious horror, which the young man vainly endeavored to dispel, now took possession of the men.

The body was conveyed to the vessel, and was buried as the captain's had been, on the following morning.

Then all hands came aft in a body, one of the men acting as spokesman.

"Captain, seeing what has taken place here, we petition you to head ship away from this place."

Fred answered that, on the the contrary, he had made up his mind to remain here until he could discover the mysterious assassin, and bring him to justice.

At this the men grumbled, and Fred, who had hitherto been a favorite with them, was by many of their number looked upon as a sort of tyrant, now that he had obtained command of the vessel.

He spoke kindly and firmly to them, endeavoring to do away with this impression; but his words failed of the intended effect.

Half the crew were Portuguese and Spaniards—a superstitious set, over whom the few Americans aboard, five in number, could exert no influence, although, being friendly to the young captain, they endeavored to do so.

The Portuguese, going forward, sat by themselves, conversing in low whispers.

The Americans heard, however, enough of what they said to know that they talked of deserting, and making their way to Archangel Bay, where plenty of whale-ships were anchored, and aboard some one of which they doubted not they would be received.

"This won't do!" cried a lank Vineyard man, jumping up. "We will go and tell the captain. It is not right that the vessel should be deserted, away up here in the ice, and a poor gal aboard, too, who has jist lost her father."

Quick glances and whispers were passed among the Portuguese and Spaniards.

With one accord they all rose, and throwing themselves upon the Americans, soon overpowered and gagged them.

Then, having taken their clothes from their chests, and



done them up in a bundle, they went on deck and coolly commenced to lower the bow boat.

Captain Harland hearing them, procured his pistols, and calling his two officers, went forward.

"Men!" he exclaimed, "go into the forecastle. What nonsense is this?"

Ere he could speak another word, he was thrown down and disarmed by several Spaniards, who had got behind him, while others served his officers in the same manner.

"No want to hurt," said one of the party, "but we no stay in ship which is followed by bad spirit!"

The next moment down went the boat, the oars splashed in the water, and the crew pulled away in the darkness!

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE SCHEMER.

WHEN Ben Waters left the party searching under the command of Fred Harland, he moved, as mentioned, toward the east. The cold wind, the driving snow and sleet, seemed to have no effect upon him. Waters had been born, and had passed several years of his childhood, in this very clime. The offspring of Esquimaux parents, he had been picked up adrift on a cake of ice, by a whaler, when he was but five years old. As he could not tell where he lived, the captain of the vessel—an eccentric man named John Waters—resolved to take him home and bring him up in his own family.

When fifteen years old, Ben Waters, as he had been named, ran away, went to sea, and, inheriting the skill of his Esquimaux ancestors with the harpoon, he was soon promoted to fourth mate, in which capacity he returned home.

As Ben now hurried along, snuffing up the cold Arctic breeze, it seemed to agree with him. He walked rapidly, stretching out his arms, and now and then grunting his pleasure.

"Ay!" he muttered, "here goes for the Esquimaux village,



which I know lies off in this direction, as I visited it on one of my voyages. The rascals won't know me after so long a time, I think. *If they should, it would certainly go hard with me !*"

The meaning of this speech may be understood, when it is stated, that, about five years before, when in command of a small whaling schooner, Waters had come up here, and anchored not far from the Esquimaux village.

The natives, as is often the case, came aboard to trade walrus-tusks and other articles for tobacco.

One of them Waters detected endeavoring to steal *his* tobacco, which he had brought up for bartering.

The others informed him that the man was not right in his head, and had not known what he was about.

Waters, however, would listen to no excuses. He seized the unfortunate Esquimaux up in the mizzen rigging, and flogged him within an inch of his life.

The native's companions looked on savagely, and when the flogging was over, went away, muttering threats of vengeance.

"I am so altered, since then," Waters now thought, "that recognition will be impossible. The fellows, however, with the remembrance of that affair fresh in their minds, will be ripe for my purpose. As I can speak the tongue, too, I will have no trouble in making myself understood. Captain Harland shall never be Dot Winton's husband !"

When he had walked about two miles, night had fallen. The storm, however, was over, and the full moon shone.

By a number of little twinkling lights, in the distance, he knew he was approaching the village.

This he had nearly reached, when, suddenly, from behind a huge ice-rock, sprung one of the strangest looking beings he had ever seen.

This creature was not over four feet in height, but was singularly broad in proportion. When Ben first beheld the apparition, he thought it was a man of snow, which had rolled down from the rock. The demoniacal face, and large, glaring eyeballs, however, in a second convinced him of his mistake.

The features were broad and flat, the skin of a dark yellow.



low, the ears large and of a black color. From head to heel he was incased, or rather rolled up, in a garb of white bear-skin, while his feet, which were shaped something like a horse's hoofs, were covered with thick pieces of seal-skin.

In his right hand he carried a long spear, to the end of which was attached a line, which was now partially wound round his wrist as he was in the act of darting the weapon at Ben Waters.

"Hold!" exclaimed the latter, in the Esquimaux dialect, which of course will be translated into English throughout this story. "Hold! I am a friend!"

The other seemed surprised at hearing himself thus addressed by the speaker.

"White men are no friends to Rook! No! no!" he exclaimed. "You are from the whale-ship, and must leave your bones on this coast!"

"I repeat, I am a friend! Listen! How would you like to get all the white men I have left aboard that vessel in your power?"

The eyes of the other, gleaming like coals of fire, and his set teeth, as he gibbered wildly and strangely, were sufficient proof of his satisfaction.

"White men—yes! I would like to kill all! They have no right to come up here! They shall learn to dread brave little Rook! Quick, tell me how I can kill all!"

"When I said *all*," answered Ben, "I did not mean every one. There is an exception!"

"No—no—all! all!" shrieked Rook, flourishing his spear and whirling round and round in his excitement.

"There is a young white woman there I would wish to have brought to this village, where I intend to remain: brought here to me!"

"Ho! ho! a woman—a woman! Well, Rook has nothing against the women, for *they* never wronged him."

As the dwarf uttered these words, his face fairly seemed to turn black.

By the light of the moon Waters surveyed him, intently.

"Ay! it must be the same!" he thought. "It is the fellow I flogged, five years ago. I know *him*, but I have changed ~~so~~, since then, that I am sure he does not recognize *me*."



He was convinced of the identity of the Esquimaux, when he continued :

"No ! it was not a woman who wronged poor Rook ; poor, half-witted Rook ; it was a white man, who flogged him until he was nearly dead. But I will pay them off for it. I will kill every white man I see !"

"You may do what you like with them," answered Waters, "provided you bring the girl to me."

So saying, he took the arm of the dwarf, and requested him to conduct him somewhere where they could talk the matter over.

Rook, however, drew away from the proffered arm.

"I will go with you, because you will bring Rook more game ; but I will not take a white man's arm."

At this Waters thought fit to explain that he was an Esquimaux by birth, which he had not done at the time of the outrage against Rook.

The latter, on learning this, at once took his arm, and led him toward the village, which, however, he passed, proceeding about half a mile, ere he conducted his companion into what merely seemed a small hole in an ice rock, but which, in reality, led downward into an underground chamber.

All was darkness here, until the dwarf lighted a lamp, which had evidently been taken from some vessel. Ben then found himself in an apartment scooped out of the hard ground, about eight by ten feet in size, and containing several shelves at the sides.

On these shelves Ben shuddered to behold three or four human skulls, protruding from a mixture of whalebone slabs, walrus-tusks, seal-skin line and other articles.

Hung upon the earth walls there were, also, spears of fish-bone, seal-skin robes, etc., etc.

Rook pointed triumphantly at the shelves, with a horrible grin, remarking that those were trophies from his victims.

"You soon will give me more ! Yes ! yes ! you will give me more !" he added, stamping the hard floor with his round feet until it fairly rung.

Rook then busied himself cooking seal and bear's meat, taken from a corner. He had a small iron stove and a sauce-pan, which Waters at once recognized as articles he had sold



to the Esquimaux when they visited his schooner, five years before. The pipe of the stove went up into the ice rock above, the end evidently projecting through some opening opposite that by which they had entered.

As to fuel, this, at present, consisted of old whale-blubber, partially dried, which burned like kerosene, throwing out a tremendous heat.

Ben Waters being hungry, was not averse to the meal prepared for him. He ate heartily, after which he disclosed his plans to Rook.

The latter was to lead a large party of his people to the ship, effect her capture, and bring Dot to the Esquimaux village.

Rook said he was afraid his people would not join him, for, although, since the former's flogging, they also had conceived a strong dislike against the whites, they would not have the courage to go so far.

"Leave that to me," answered Waters. "I will persuade them—will show them that there is no danger of their ever being found out."

The next morning, after a sound sleep on a bed of seal-skin, Waters went to the village with Rook.

It was composed of underground retreats, each similar to that of the dwarf.

Waters exerted all his powers of persuasion, and although he saw the dull, fishy eyes of the Esquimaux twinkle, yet it was plain that it would take time to bring them over to his purpose.

In the afternoon Rook went away, remaining absent until late at night, when he returned, informing Waters that he had been looking into the cabin of his ship.

"Another white man has fallen a victim to Rook," he added.

"Who?" inquired Waters, exultingly. "Was it the captain? Was it a tall young man with—"

"No, it was an old sailor."

At this Ben shrugged his shoulders, much disappointed.

Next morning he was admitted to an audience with the chief of the tribe—a man of short stature, but with colossal shoulders, and whose dress, ornamented with white fringe,



was a trifle gayer than that of the common people. His underground hut was also larger, and contained a greater supply of fishing weapons and provisions.

He asked Waters many questions, as to the number of men aboard the ship, the quantity of harpoons, line, provisions, etc. The replies of Waters seemed to give him much satisfaction.

He held a council with some of the wealthiest men in the village, and finally told Waters that he had decided to attack the vessel on the following afternoon.

When the time came, the party, well armed with spears, started, stealing along shore toward the vessel in their seal-skin canoes.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE LOST GIRL.

MR. BEATON, who had not been able to sleep very sound, waked, to hear the shouts of Captain Harland and his officers. He went on deck, to find them bound and the bow boat gone.

He soon released them, when the captain gave an account of what had happened.

"It could not have happened at a worse time," he added, pointing to the icebergs, looming through the gloom all around the vessel. "I have not men enough to work the ship clear of those bergs."

"Let us trust to Providence," said Beaton.

They now entered the fore-castle, and released the five Americans.

"There are nine of us, at all events," said Beaton, cheerfully, "and I can help you. I have been so long aboard, that I have grown to be quite a sailor."

"We will need all the help we can get," said Harland. "Listen; do you hear that?"

A rumbling, roaring noise, as if a thousand sea-lions were swimming round the ship, was now heard.

Then there was a crash, as if an avalanche had fallen, and



the vessel reeled and went over, almost upon her beam-ends, with every thing rattling.

The captain and his officers, followed by his men, rushed on deck; but Beaton made a dive for a swinging beam barge between the bitts, to which he clung desperately, his coat-tails flapping in the wind, which rushed through the open fore-castle scuttle.

The sight meeting the gaze of those who went on deck, was truly appalling.

A heavy squall had come upon the ship, and was making fierce music in her rigging. Driven by the blast, a huge iceberg had struck her, the upper half falling over upon her deck to leeward, shattering the bulwarks and some of the planking, and holding her down almost on her beam-ends.

The strain had caused the anchor-cable to part, and there was the half-shattered craft tossing about with the wild water pouring over her decks and threatening to engulf her ere she could be carried ashore, in which direction she was drifting.

Awakened by the noise, Dot came up, pale and trembling.

Harland endeavored to calm her fears, while he took his place at the wheel. She stood at his side, gathering hope from his face, calm and decided even in that hour of peril.

"Loosen the fore and main-topsail!" shouted the young captain, in a voice that made every man jump.

This order was with some difficulty obeyed by the few men aboard. At the same moment, Harland putting down his helm brought the craft up a couple of points.

There was a tremendous crash as the huge iceberg, thus dislodged, fell into the sea. The vessel immediately righted, but her anchor having gone, there seemed no hope of preventing her going ashore.

There was a spare anchor lying near the tryworks; but, with only five or six men at his disposal, Harland feared he would be unable to get this over the bows and bend the cable on it. Still he resolved to try.

"With one or two more men I might succeed," he said, speaking to his first officer, "but, unfortunately, one man must be at the wheel."

Here Dot stepped to the wheel and seized the spokes, her cheeks and eyes glowing.



"I will do my best," she said, resolutely, "if you will tell me how I am to keep the wheel."

Even at such a moment, the sailors could not repress a cheer.

They all knew that Dot had received playful instructions, now and then, from her father, who had sometimes laughingly stationed her at the helm.

She had profited by this experience.

"Yes," she added, "I will steer the ship."

Harland, however, would not consent to leave her here, until he had made her safe by passing a rope around her waist, one end of which he secured to the mizzen-mast.

Then he went forward, and, with his sailors, and the assistance derived from Mr. Beaton, he finally succeeded in getting the anchor ready.

Not a moment too soon.

The ship was within ten fathoms of the shore, when the anchor was dropped.

Luckily she was in a small bay, where high rocks kept off the gale, thus preventing her dragging.

"My noble girl," said Harland, releasing Dot from the helm, "you have saved the ship!"

"Have I?" she said, clapping her hands, and, for the first time since her father's death, a glad smile dimpled her cheeks.

The captain now held a consultation with his officers. It was decided that, as soon as the gale abated, a boat should be sent to the large bay where so many whalers were anchored, and an endeavor made to obtain a crew by soliciting the services of one or two men from each vessel.

The gale did not begin to abate until the afternoon of the next day. Just as the first mate was about starting on his mission, a number of seal-skin canoes were observed, stealing along close in shore, toward the ship.

Harland, inspecting their occupants carefully through his glass, passed the instrument to his first officer.

"Good God!" exclaimed the latter, "unless I am mistaken, those fellows are all armed, and are paddling toward this craft, for no good purpose."

"So I fear!" responded Harland. As he spoke, he glanced at Dot.



"Go below," said he, "and we will do our best. They shall walk over our dead bodies ere harm befall you."

Dot clung to him a moment, and then permitted him to lead her into the cabin.

Meanwhile the Esquimaux drew nearer every moment.

There was a good off-shore breeze, but Harland could not hope to get away, as there were lofty drifting bergs, forming a perfect wall outside, against which his vessel must certainly be dashed should he make the attempt.

"There is the twelve-pounder, forward," said the young captain; "we will give them a taste of that."

The gun was soon loaded, and pointed toward the enemy.

"Back!" exclaimed Harland, leaping on the rail, "back or I fire!"

The Esquimaux answered with yells of derision, as they came on.

In a moment the gun was discharged upon them, and one of their boats was seen to fly to pieces.

This decided conduct was not without its effect upon the rest of the natives, unused as they were to firearms. They stopped paddling, while some of them picked up their dead and wounded.

"After all," remarked Mr. Beaton to Harland, "how know you that they came with hostile intentions?"

"There can be no doubt on that point," replied Harland. "I have no doubt it was some one of these fellows who murdered Captain Winton, and our other man. When bound on peaceful errands, they do not come armed."

All doubts, however, were soon removed by the sudden appearance of Ben Waters, who, leaping upright in one of the canoes, where he had hitherto lain prostrate, now addressed the Esquimaux, in a rapid, energetic voice, pointing toward the ship as he did so.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed Harland. "I now see through it all. That fellow—an Esquimaux himself—has induced the others to join him in an attack on this ship!"

Ben's address to the natives was answered with guttural cheers, and the canoes again approached the ship.

"Fire!" ordered Harland, a second time, after the gun had again been loaded.



The report of the piece shook the whole vessel, and in a moment the air was full of flying fragments.

The gun had exploded !

One of the fragments of iron struck the first mate slantingly in the shoulder, taking away a piece of the flesh, another passed through the skull of an unfortunate sailor named Tom Crash, who fell over the shattered bulwarks, headlong into the sea.

As to the natives, not one was injured by this discharge.

There were two or three muskets in the cabin. Harland armed himself with one, and gave the others to his two officers.

"There is no alternative," said he ; " we can only die fighting to the last !"

Some of the natives having passed round to the windward of the ship, so as to entirely cut off the escape of its occupants, his words seemed true enough.

"Let us into the hold, sir," suggested the mate, who was an old officer. "Something *might* turn up in our favor ; we might find an opportunity to escape !"

Harland resolved to adopt this suggestion. With the five men he retreated into the hold, conducting Dot there also.

There was a pile of old rigging in the darkest corner of the main hold, where they concealed themselves, Dot sitting with her head upon the captain's shoulder.

Next moment the natives were heard scrambling on deck. A second later the voice of Ben Waters smote on their ears.

"Where are they ? The captain is to be *my* first victim !"

From their position in the rigging-coils, the fugitives could now see a dozen dark, swarthy faces, peering through the companion door.

Dot shrunk yet closer to her lover, appalled by the appearance of one of those creatures.

It was Rook, the "ICE-FIEND," as Waters had already dubbed him, peering forward, with his hands resting on his knees, with his hooked teeth and his huge tattooed ears, while his great, globe-like eyes projected from his head, glittering with a green luster like those of a cat.

"Show me white man !" he screamed, in broken English. "Show Rook white man that he may quick kill ! Ugh ! Ugh ! Ugh !"



Instinctively Captain Harland, lifting his musket, took aim at this fellow.

The mate seized his arm.

"You will spoil all, sir."

"Look at his feet," whispered the captain, through his clenched teeth; "they are the originals of those tracks in the snow! That is Captain Winton's and old Tom's murderer!"

"Ay, ay, sir; but I beg you will restrain yourself. Your shot will be the signal for our immediate discovery."

Harland lowered his musket.

The Esquimaux, led on by Rook and Ben Waters, descended into the hold.

By the noises overhead, it was evident that the rest of the party were running hither and thither about the deck, picking up such articles of value as they could find, and transferring them to their canoes.

Ben Waters and his followers passed so near the hiding-place of the fugitives that they could have touched their garments. They moved on into the central part of the hold.

"Now," whispered Harland; "now is our time."

With his companions, and an arm thrown round the waist of Dot, whom he carried as lightly as if she were a child, he moved quickly into the cabin, making for the window, which was a large one.

Opening it softly, the fugitives were crawling through upon a huge cake of ice beneath, ere they were discovered.

Ben Waters was the first to see them, and with a yell, he rushed toward the spot, followed by the natives.

Harland, who was the last to get out on the ice-cake, now thrust the muzzle of his piece through the open window.

"Back! The first one that comes this way is a dead man!"

Even as he spoke, he discharged his piece at Ben Waters.

The bullet missed its aim, but passed through the head of an Esquimaux, who, with a heavy thug, fell flat upon the deck.

The ice-cake was now shoved away from the ship with a force which carried it into a current, sweeping outward from the bay.

The little party upon it were seen by those aboard the ship, and a shower of spears was hurled at them.



Not one of them was hit, however, and in a few minutes they were out of range of the missiles.

Now the Esquimaux were seen thronging their canoes for pursuit. In a moment, half a dozen of the light vessels were shooting toward the ice-cake.

Owing to the imperfect light, for darkness was now closing over the scene, the fugitives contrived to elude their pursuers by passing round a rock-like iceberg full of hollows and deep cavernous retreats, in one of the latter of which they finally ensconced themselves.

"Hist!" whispered the first mate, suddenly.

A canoe was seen to shoot right past the berg!

"I think I saw another one just now, near the angle formed by that protruding spur of ice!" whispered Harland.

Dot was by his side, standing upon a shelf of ice, within two feet of him.

Suddenly she uttered a scream, and, to his horror, he perceived that her foot had slipped and that she was rolling down the ice-rock toward the water. Her form disappeared in the darkness; then there was a splash. Harland descended the berg rapidly, and soon gained the water's edge. But he could see no sign of Dot Winton!

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE CAVE.

THE young girl did not strike the water, but she fell against a loose mass of ice, which toppled over into the sea. She was clinging to a protruding ridge, when she felt herself drawn into a canoe, which at once put off toward the shore.

In her fright she scarcely heeded the cold wind, now blowing upon her.

She only noticed that she was held tight by the strong arm of one, who, with the other hand, worked the light vessel he occupied. She could not see this person distinctly, owing to the darkness, but she saw enough—the blazing eyeballs—the white.



bear-skin garb—the diminutive shape, to assure her that it was the same horrible object she had noticed while concealed in the hold of the vessel.

“Ho! ho!” muttered the Ice-Fiend—for he it was. “Waters would have me white woman bring him; but me not do so! No, no. Me put where he nor white man ever find her. Me freeze her—me starve her until she say she be Rook’s wife!”

The dwarf spoke broken English tolerably well, for years before, an English crew had dwelt a long time with his people. Dot understood him perfectly, and shuddered with terror.

“Take me back! take me back to my friends!” she cried.

“Never go back!” screamed Rook. “Hate whites! hate whites! ugh! No hate white woman, if she be Rook’s wife.”

Vainly the young girl struggled to release herself. The dwarf, who seemed possessed of herculean strength, held her with one arm, while with the other, he continued to ply his paddle.

In a short time the skiff struck the ice-bound shore.

Then Dot felt herself lifted in the arms of the hideous creature, and borne forward with speed over the frozen snow.

On, on she was carried, the dwarf taking long strides, while, now and then, in a breathless sort of way, he gibbered forth his strange remarks.

Meanwhile, thus held in the arms of her captor, Dot, whose gaze was turned to the north, could see the Aurora Borealis shooting up into the sky, sending prismatic colors right and left, far along the heavens, and lighting up the world of frozen mountains with a strange, lurid gleam, until every icy pinnacle seemed to send forth a volcano.

This spectacle, which, under different circumstances, would have afforded Dot much pleasure, now had an effect so weird and terrible upon her whirling brain, that she screamed repeatedly.

The hideous face of the Ice-Fiend bore upon it the reflection of that unearthly glare. She turned her eyes upon it, as by a sort of fascination, and shuddered at the fiery eyeballs, the long, black, matted hair, the huge flattened nose, the great



mouth, and those black, distorted ears, which seemed fairly to flap against the side of the square head as he hurried on.

On, still on, until finally he paused before a huge rock which rose to the height of nearly a hundred feet, covered with a rugged crust of ice and snow, which protruded from it on all sides.

At the base of this rock, penetrating the outer crust of ice, and cut into the rock itself by Nature's fantastic hand, there was an opening just large enough to admit a human being.

"Ho! ho! ho!" screamed the Ice-Fiend. "Away go. Mine! mine! You can never get out of Rook's den! Ho! ho!"

With these words, he bore her into the opening; then, suddenly releasing her, shoved her forward.

Dot felt herself descending, sliding down, down over a slippery surface of ice, to the distance of at least twenty feet, when she struck ground, to find herself in total darkness.

Bruised and nearly senseless, she staggered to her feet and supported herself against the side of this underground retreat, expecting every moment to behold the glaring eyeballs and hear the harsh voice of her half-crazed tormentor.

But he did not come; and a faint hope crept upon her that he would not; that, maniac as he seemed to be, he would go away and never venture near her again.

Meanwhile she heard a strange grating and pounding above.

What was it?

She listened, vainly striving to account for the singular noise. It continued a few minutes, then all was still.

Faint and helpless, poor Dot sunk upon the ground, sobbing and weeping.

"Fred! Fred!" she moaned, wringing her hands. "Oh, where are you, and what must you think of my strange disappearance! But perhaps he is dead!" she wailed. "Perhaps they have killed him, as they did poor, poor papa!"

At length she dried her eyes, and mustered all her fortitude.

Although the place was warm, from its underground situation, yet the state of her half-frozen garments rendered it necessary that she should move about to regain the usual circulation of her blood.

She rose, and, walking rapidly to and fro, soon felt better.



Then she endeavored to mount the declivity she had descended but, in the darkness, she could not see her way, and, after several futile attempts, in which she tore her hands and scratched her face, she returned to her former position, resolving to wait until morning should afford her light enough to continue her efforts, successfully she hoped.

She passed a miserable night. At last she saw faint streaks of red sunlight stealing down into the cavern.

From her position she could not obtain a view of the upper part of the cave; but she lost no time in endeavoring to ascend the declivity, which was about twenty feet from the top to the base, and nearly perpendicular.

The sides, however, were, in some places so rough, that she continued to gain the top of the ice-hill.

Then she beheld a sight which filled her with dismay. In fact she might have known, had she stopped to reflect, that Rook would not have left her without first contriving means to prevent her exit from this retreat.

Against the opening the Esquimaux had piled great, heavy rocks of ice, with little chinks and openings between, it is true, but so massive that Dot might have toiled for days with her tiny strength, and not have been able to move them.

And as she stood there with despairing look, vainly endeavoring to move the ponderous masses, a seal, with its soft eyes, came out of a little hollow in the side of the cavern, covered with its glittering crust of ice, as if grieving for her sad situation.

"God help me, now!" muttered the young woman, sadly. "Oh, what will become of me. Fred! Fred! Where are you? Where are you?"

In her despair she caught at her pretty ringlets, and twisted them round and round her cold little fingers.

Suddenly she fancied she heard a step.

"He is coming!" she muttered. "That horrible wretch is coming again!"

She shrunk back against the side of the cave, and looked round her for some place of concealment; for the thought had occurred to her that, if she could hide herself until Rook should have entered the retreat, and moved forward, she might, unseen by him, glide forth and leave the cave.



The side of the cavern, as mentioned, was crusted--with ice. This was in many fantastic shapes, resembling the branches of trees interlacing, the leaves of plants, crystal pendants, miniature steeples, turrets, and even pretty little clocks, which might have been imagined to belong to the fabled frost goblins of these regions; but there was no place of a shape to afford perfect concealment.

Dot drew back as far as she could while the steps continued to approach, keeping her gaze upon the entrance of the cave, through the ice-chinks of which she fancied she could already see the white gleaming of Rook's bear-skin coat.

Already the masses began to tremble, as they were moved; then Dot heard a low, guttural growl, such as Rook was in the habit of uttering.

In her fright she screamed aloud, as one of the ice-rocks was pushed aside, expecting to behold the Ice-Fiend.

Still more was she dismayed, however, when, instead of him, she saw a *huge white bear*, which, with lolling tongue, and small, red, bloodshot eyes, turned upon her with hungry, ravenous gleam, now inserted its broad shoulders in the opening made, endeavoring thus to displace the rest of the icy impediments, which were all that prevented its entrance!

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## CHAPTER VI.

### HARLAND'S PERIL.

THE strange disappearance of Dot Winton inspired Harland with such feelings as are beyond description.

He watched the water keenly, for some moments, hoping she would reappear, but he watched in vain.

Meanwhile, Rook having by this time got round the other side of the iceberg, he could not see the outline of the canoe.

Horror seized the young man. The conviction forced itself upon him that Dot had, somehow, been drawn under the iceberg.



Without a moment's hesitation, he dove into the cold waters and swam under the ice.

He threw out his arms, feeling vainly for the young girl; then, he endeavored to get back from under the berg, so as to regain the surface, that he might take sufficient breath for another attempt.

He swam—back as he supposed, but, on rising, his head struck the under part of the ice, warning him that he had not yet reached the spot whence he had started.

His situation was indeed perilous. Almost benumbed, he made several futile attempts to get to the surface of the sea.

He could no longer hold his breath, and the water rushed into his throat, suffocating him. He believed that he must perish, but even with that conviction upon him, he comforted himself with the thought, that it would only be to join the sweet girl, without whom life were worthless.

The water roared in his ears; little frosty particles of light seemed to dance before his vision; he was becoming senseless.

He made one mad effort—almost an unconscious one, and now felt himself rising.

A sensation of relief told him he was above water— but where?

Darkness all around him.

He clutched something—an icy, rim-like projection; he drew himself out of water and found himself standing on a sheet of ice.

As full consciousness returned, he became aware that he had risen through an opening in the under part of the ice, leading into a circular cell. He glanced up, and was surprised to see the stars.

Instantly the truth flashed upon him. He was in what the sailors term an "ice screw"—that is to say, an opening in an iceberg, leading down through the center or other part, straight into the sea, caused by a "knot" or *vacuum* in the frozen mass, which is followed by the giving way of the thinner portion of ice all round it, thus leaving a jagged hole.

Sometimes the rushing in of the air, when the ice gives way, is heard a long distance off, like the report of a gun.

Harland divined that he was still on the same berg as that



which contained his shipmates, although, in his present situation, the thickness of the ice-wall shut out their voices.

He concluded to rejoin them and tell them of his futile search for Dot. The tears streamed down his cheeks at thought of her; and, for a moment, he almost meditated consigning himself to a grave in the cold waters.

Finally he endeavored to mount the icy sides of the screw, but the jagged fragments constantly giving way, warned him to wait until there was sufficient light.

The Aurora Borealis, streaming along the heavens, afforded him what he coveted, and he again commenced the ascent.

He was about half-way up, when he heard the report of a gun, followed by a shrill scream!

He then divined that the Esquimaux had attacked his friends on the other side of the berg; it was his duty to hasten to their relief.

Redoubling his efforts, he finally gained the top of the berg, when, crawling to the edge below which he now heard the sound of voices, he peered down.

What he had suspected was the case. A canoe, full of Esquimaux, had come to the berg, and the savages were hurling their spears at the little party.

As Harland gazed, he was horrified to see one of the missiles pass through the body of his second officer, who, with a groan, fell back and rolled down the side of the berg into the sea.

The rest of the white men repeatedly snapped their muskets at the natives, but, for some reason, owing probably to the effect of the frost, the weapons missed fire.

Meanwhile, the Rev. John Beaton, crouching behind a small body of ice, was haranguing the natives, bidding them leave the spot at once, and not molest a party of poor Christian ice-pilgrims, who had already been robbed of the privilege of worshiping God aboard their own ship.

The natives paid no heed to what they could not well understand, and kept on hurling their spears.

"Those who trust in the Lord have nothing to fear!" cried Beaton, while in a lively manner, he kept incessantly dodging the flying missiles.

The rest of the men imitated his example in this respect;



and perceiving that on this account they could not hit them, the natives now commenced clambering up the rugged sides of the berg.

There were ten of them in all, Ben Waters among them—uncouth-looking fellows, in their dog-skin coats, and with huge rings dangling from their noses and ears.

Unable to descend the slippery, perpendicular sides of the berg to the assistance of his friends, the young man regretted he had no weapon to hurl at the natives.

The latter, however, were unable to ascend the slippery berg, as they were beaten back into their canoe by the clubbed muskets of the sailors. Harland, bending over the ice-cliff, was now seen by Ben Waters.

“Curse ye!” he exclaimed. “I know you, Harland. But, tell me what you have done with the girl, and your life, with the lives of your companions, shall be spared!”

“Wretch! She is beyond your reach, at all events!” cried Harland, gloomily.

“Hallo! Can you not get down to us?” cried the young captain’s first officer, glancing up from the ice-shelf.

“No. There is no way,” replied Harland, “without a rope, which none of you have.”

“The natives will capture you!”

“I think so.”

“Can you not get down on any other side of the berg?”

“On none, except the side which those rascals will probably mount,” for the natives had now paddled round the berg.

“I’m afraid then you are ‘done for,’ sir!”

“I do not care, much.”

“I am sorry *we* can do nothing for you.”

“You can not; better make off on some other berg, and *save yourselves!*”

The latter sentence was uttered in a low voice, which could not reach the ears of Ben Waters, in the canoe round the berg.

Harland now walked over to the other side of the mass.

The canoe being at the base of the frozen heap, some of the natives leaping out already commenced to ascend on this side.

Harland having no means of defending himself, resolved to



descend into the ice-screw. He had not got more than half-way down, when, the natives having by this time gained the top of the berg, several spears were hurled at him.

By clinging closely to the side of the screw, however, he avoided them.

Spear after spear was now darted at him without effect.

Suddenly he heard the voice of the traitor, Ben Waters.

"Fools, you can never hit him that way!"

Glancing up he then saw Ben Waters holding a lighted lantern in one hand, which he had evidently obtained aboard the ship.

"Say your prayers, if you have any to say!" cried the rascal.

"Scoundrel, I defy you!" answered Harland.

Bang! went the pistol.

The young captain, without a groan, fell, it would seem almost as swiftly as the shot which had been discharged at him.

He fell upon the broad shelf of ice beneath, and lay doubled up, with his head between his knees!

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## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BEAR.

THE sight of the white bear—the largest of his kind—nearly six feet in length, and broad in proportion, struck awe and terror to the heart of Dot Winton.

The monster soon displaced the impediments in his way, when, stalking into the cave, he made straight for her. Screaming wildly, she darted to one side, when the bear stood motionless, its red eyes fixed upon her with an expression like that of a wild hog, its hair bristling on its head, and its fangs displayed, as it licked its jaws.

A moment Dot stood paralyzed, trembling in every limb, then she made a frantic effort to gain the entrance of the cave. She had not gone more than half-way, however,



when the bear, to head her off, walked diagonally toward her, thus effectually hemming her in.

The monster slowly approached, poor Dot trembling all over and growing weaker the nearer it came.

"What shall I do? Oh, what can I do?" she gasped, turning as pale as death.

The animal was now within a foot of her, when, rendered desperate by her situation, she clutched the frozen bars of ice on the side of the cave, and drew herself up! up! to the roof of the cavern, which, however, was not more than seven feet from the earth.

She had thrust her wrists between two ice branches, clutching the crystal stems, while her head was pressed against the roof of the cavern.

In this crouching, uncomfortable position, with her feet resting on a projection of ice beneath her, she was but just out of reach of the bear, which, resting its forepaws on the side of the cave, looked up at her, scarcely a foot below her body, its red tongue lolling, while it uttered growls of baffled rage.

Meanwhile Dot's position was a painful one to maintain. Her wrists and hands ached from her protracted hold, and she felt that she would soon be obliged to let go.

The bear, as if in anticipation of this, remained where it was, its jaws open, its head moving from side to side.

At last the young woman felt unable any longer to keep her hold. With a scream of terror she dropped.

At that moment there was a yell, and the young girl opening her eyes, beheld the Ice-Fiend, who had entered and driven his spear into the throat of the bear, engaged in a desperate combat with the monster.

The bear had got hold of his shoulder with both paws, and now Dot saw him thrown down. She saw the monster about to seize his head in its jaws—saw Rook thrust his spear into the mouth of the animal, which then drew back, tossing its head, in fruitless efforts to dislodge the weapon.

Dot waited to see no more. She sprung to her feet, and running out of the cave, hurried toward the beach, which was visible in the distance.

Nerved by desperation, she kept on, and finally gained the



shore. Now, feeling weak and faint, she sunk down on the ice-covered beach.

Glancing toward the sea, she then beheld several seal-skin canoes approaching, each containing its crew of dusky natives.

This sight nerved her to fresh efforts. She sprung up and ran out on an ice-cake projecting into the water. Past this, drifting seaward, a towering berg was floating.

She was about springing upon it, which she could have easily done, as the berg was but a foot from her, when she heard a feeble croak behind her.

She turned, to behold an unexpected sight—one, which, even in her present situation, roused at once the true sympathies of her true womanly nature.

On the very verge of an ice-covered rock, about twenty feet high, was a little child of three years, who had evidently just crawled to its present perilous situation.

Perilous indeed it was, for should the little one fall, it must strike upon the jagged points of ice beneath, and be either killed or frightfully maimed. It was a swarthy, ungainly child, rolled or rather wadded up in dog-skin, resembling an otter more than a human being.

Human being it was, however, and Dot resolved to save it, if possible.

The natives coming ashore, would land too far up to see it, especially as it was on the side of the rock away from them, and there was a slight mist between the elevation and them.

She descended from her position, motioning the child back.

The latter, however, uttered a cry of affright, and crawled yet nearer the dangerous edge of the rock.

Dot, therefore, cautiously walked round to the other side of the rock ere she commenced the ascent. Soon she was close upon the little one.

She stretched out her hand and caught the girl—for girl it was—just as its foot slipped, and it would have fallen.

The child looked up at her, bewildered; then a smile passed over its fat face, and it raised a hand toward Dot's curls.

She turned to descend with it; but ere she gained the foot



of the rock, an Esquimaux woman made her appearance from the mist, running toward the spot.

She snatched the child from the other's arms, hugged it to her bosom and covered it with kisses.

She was not a bad-looking woman. Her hair was straight and black, and her features not as flat as those of most of her people. True she was short and a little too plump, but her form was well developed, with sloping shoulders and a round, well-shaped neck.

The expression of her eyes, which were large and dark, was pleasant and winning; there was nothing in them of that dull, stupid look characteristic of the Esquimaux.

Dot was agreeably surprised to hear her speak broken English.

"Thank! thank for save child," she cried, "save little Rollok. Alok glad—much glad!"

And putting the child on the ground, she ran to Dot and kissed her hands.

Then she noticed that the young girl was weak and faint.

"Alok's people bad—bad!" she cried. "Alok try to tell not rob white man's ship; but bad white man come among them and put bad thoughts in heads."

As she spoke, she really looked pretty. Her dog-skin mantel, trimmed with white fur, hung drooping from her shoulders; there was a bright glow on her cheeks, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Are you an Esquimaux?" inquired Dot.

The girl colored deeply.

"Mother Esquimaux; father Russian; he speak good English. Die year ago. Mother die too. Sister marry Bookorak. White bear kill sister—Bookorak no live long after that—he die too—leave child—this!" pointing at little Rollok.

"So then it is not *your* child?"

"No; me not married. No like Esquimaux husband—ugh!" and the Arctic belle pursed up her lips, which were red and pouting, showing even rows of beautiful white teeth.

Then she clasped both of Dot's hands.

"Look tired—hungry. Where you go? Poor child!"

"Alas! I know not," answered Dot.

Then she briefly related recent events.



"Rook bad man—wild—head no right," tapping her forehead. "Come with Alok. She hide where he no find. Dare not take to village. Esquimaux quick kill."

So saying, the girl picked up Rollok, and holding him in one arm, supported Dot with the other, helping her along over the frozen snow.

In this way they walked about a mile, when they came to a small valley, in which were several ice-covered rocks, fantastically heaped together.

Alok led Dot into a deep hollow among these rocks; a place quite warm and comfortable. Then she took off her fur mantle and spread it on the ground.

"There—lay down and rest. Me go to bring food. Then me go to Archangel Bay, and tell white captain. He come here and you safe."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SEARCH.

BEN WATERS looked into the ice-screw at Harland, who lay doubled up with a small stream of blood trickling down his temple. A projection of ice on the broad rim around the edge of the water, had prevented his body from falling into it.

"He's done for," muttered Waters; "there's an end of his ever marrying Dot Winton. From the moment of his striking me aboard ship, in *her* presence, I made up my mind I would pay him off, and now I have done so."

The circumstance to which he alluded, had happened since they entered the Arctic, when Waters kicked a pet dog of Dot's for getting in his way. The little animal subsequently died of the injury.

While Waters still stood looking at Harland, the Esquimaux crouching at his side, urged him to join them now in a pursuit of the other white men. He did so; but the sailors having contrived to escape from this berg to another, by means of one of the ice-cakes, which were continually drift



ing past, had concealed themselves where the natives could not find them.

At dawn they went ashore, as the Esquimaux were eager to rejoin their party, whom they had left aboard to plunder the ship.

They had scarcely gained the shore, when Waters detected Rook's tracks in the snow, and saw something fluttering on the white surface.

It was a pink ribbon, which he had seen Dot wear.

Here then was a trace of the one he was anxious to capture. Rook had doubtless got her in his clutches, had then made off with her, and probably left her where he (Waters) could get possession of her.

He left the natives in the canoe to go wheresoever they wished, and following up the tracks, reached the cave in which Dot had been confined. There were her footprints on the snow, and there also was the bear, over which the dwarf had evidently gained a final victory, lying dead on its side.

After killing the bear, Rook had gone.

His tracks seemed to go back toward the beach, and in that direction Waters now hurried.

At last he found the Ice-Fiend, seated on a rock.

"Where is she? Where is the girl?" inquired Ben, eagerly.

"Don't know," answered Rook, sullenly.

He then explained that she had made her escape from the cave, while he was fighting the bear.

"And why did you not take her to the village, as I ordered? Then she would not have escaped."

"Because Rook is not your slave. He wanted to do as he pleased."

Ben's eyes flashed angrily; but he felt the necessity of governing his temper, as he was there alone among people, whom Rook might induce to put him to death at any moment.

"Yes—the chief told me I was not to obey you; so did many of my people."

"Oh, they did, eh?" said Ben.

Mentally he resolved on revenge; but first he would endeavor to find Dot.



He waited until Rook had risen and gone toward the village; then he commenced his search for the missing girl.

He had noticed that Rook, when he spoke of Dot, had looked seaward, as if he thought she had drifted on some ice-cake out to sea.

Such in fact was a natural supposition; but Ben was determined to make sure, if possible, she was not ashore, ere giving up the hope of obtaining possession of her.

Should he find her, his design was to get the Esquimaux to marry her to him according to their custom, when he would force her to live with him in the Esquimaux village. She might hate him at first, but finally losing all hope of ever escaping from him or from that dreary northern shore, she would become resigned to her fate, especially as he should have taken care before his marriage with her, to inform her that Harland was dead.

Thus communing with himself, the man commenced his search. He passed over the very route which Dot and Alok had taken, but as the snow was too hard in this quarter to receive impressions, he remained in ignorance of that fact.

He was still vigorously searching, when he noticed in the distance a female form.

He crouched behind a rock, and waiting until the form had passed him, recognized pretty Alok, whom he had seen in the Esquimaux village.

Noticing that she carried a bundle of something wrapped in seal-skin, under her arm, his curiosity was excited.

The girl was muttering to herself, and the man, unobserved, keeping himself screened by a ridge of snow, crawled near enough to hear what she said.

"Poor child," Alok was saying—"poor child. All alone. Me bring food. Me be good to her. She save Rollok. Poor white woman!"

"Ah!" thought Ben. "I'm on the scent," and remaining motionless until the woman's form was nearly hidden in the light mist, he followed, keeping far enough behind so that he could now and then dodge behind a rock or ridge of snow, in case she should chance to turn.

Once she did turn, and Ben, although he dodged quickly, feared he had been seen.



On observing, however, that Alok moved straight forward at the same rate of speed, he concluded that she had not discovered him.

At length he saw her enter the valley and move among the rocks. He ensconced himself behind a ridge, resolved to wait until she should come out ere seeking the rocks where he now had no doubt Dot was concealed.

Waiting and watching, however, he beheld Alok suddenly emerge, leading the white girl quickly from the place.

At the other end of the valley there was a lofty rock, about fifty feet high, which could be easily ascended, although it was thickly incrustated with ice and snow. On the summit, apparently supported by a slender pillar, there was a huge mass of ice, which had evidently been formed by the melting of the snow on some warm day in the summer months, and its subsequent freezing, caused by a sudden change of the weather, common in this region.

As Alok hurried along with Dot, both women glancing behind them in a manner which betokened that they knew of the presence of Ben Waters, the latter rushed forward, shouting to them :

"Hold ! don't go up there. The ice on the top is about to give way, and it will crush you !"

Alok, uttering a cry of defiance, drew Dot on, and both were at the summit of the elevation by the time Waters had reached the base of it.

The man's eyes flashed exultantly ; he believed now that his prey was cornered, for the other side of the berg, as he discovered on making a hasty examination, was too steep to be descended.

"You may as well come down," he exclaimed. "Come, Dot Winton, I mean you no harm !"

"No," answered Dot ; "sooner would I throw myself from the summit of this peak !"

"Alas !" exclaimed Ben, "my only crime is that I love you too much, and would make you my wife."

"I do not want you. I was a friend to you once, but I despise you now. But for you, this trouble would not have come upon me and my friends. You are a rascal of the worst type !"



Waters commenced to ascend the elevation.

"Back, bad man, back!" cried Alok.

Waters, however, only laughed and kept on.

Alok sprung behind the icy mass at the top of the elevation, her eyes flashing fire and ready decision.

"Another step, and we push this ice down on you!"

She pushed at the mass, which swayed and rocked, showing how easily it could be dislodged.

Waters knew she meant what she said. He paused, irresolute; then returned to the base of the peak.

"I have news of a friend," said he, significantly. "I would come up to tell Miss Winton about him."

"We can hear from where we now are," answered Alok.

"Oh, speak! speak! if you have news of *him*!" cried Dot, clasping her hands.

The wretch looked at the speaker, steadily, exulting in the blow he was about to give.

"He is dead!" he answered, slowly and distinctly.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DOG SLEDGE.

ON hearing this, Dot uttered a piteous cry, and fell nearly senseless into the arms of Alok.

The latter chafed her hands and temples. She understood in a moment, by the girl's emotion, that Harland was her lover.

"Poor white girl!" she said. "But stop! No grieve—no care! Me think bad man tell lie!"

This revived Dot; but she answered, again relapsing into grief:

"What motive could he have? Ah, no, I am afraid it is true! Oh, Fred, Fred!"

And she bowed her head on the ice-rock.

Swiftly and stealthily, Ben Waters had begun to ascend the elevation. He was already half-way up, relying upon the



agitation of the two women to come upon them unawares. Alok saw him ere he was half-way up the cliff.

Quickly bidding Dot step aside, she pushed with all her might upon the mass of ice, which, already loosened so that it must have fallen in a few hours even if not touched, toppled over, and with a tremendous crash rolled toward Ben Waters. Had the huge fragment struck him, it would have crushed him—killed him at once; but Waters, seeing it coming, threw himself over the side of the cliff. He thus fell a distance of fifteen feet, alighting on his heels. The shock, however, threw him violently down, and his head striking the ice, he lay stunned and motionless.

The rolling fragment struck the base of the cliff, breaking into four pieces, with a loud crash.

"Come," said Alok, taking Dot's arm, "come, we must go!" She followed mechanically.

"I would not care now if your people killed me," she said.

"No, no!" exclaimed Alok. "Believe not bad man! Something tell me your love not dead! Be good cheer! be brave!"

Her dark eyes shot magnetism into Dot's drooping heart. She felt more cheerful and hopeful, in spite of herself.

Waters was a villain, and would say any thing to distress her. He might, after all, have told a falsehood.

"Where are we going now?" she inquired of Alok.

"To sledge. Got sledge all ready. Make believe want to go hunting, so people in village not suspect. Left Rollok with woman friend."

"A sledge?" said Dot, inquiringly.

"Yes, dog-sledge; you see soon. We go in sledge to Archangel Bay. Me put plenty of food in sledge, too—bear-meat deer-meat, and seal. Good eat."

And Alok clapped her hands.

They hurried along over the frozen snow about half a mile, when they came to the sledge, which Alok had left in a sort of hollow in a high rock.

The sledge was about six feet long and five broad. The runners were of hard wood, while the top consisted of flat pieces, nailed crossways.

The dogs, harnessed to this sledge by means of seal-skin,



were six in number, and of large size, with a rough skin, and faces whose shape was something between that of the fox and the wolf. On seeing Alok they whined affectionately, and showed other symptoms of delight, unmixed with fear; for the Esquimaux women treat these animals kindly, never whipping or striking them.

Alok showed Dot to a seat, which she had prepared for her by spreading a dog-skin over the cross-pieces.

Then the Arctic girl jumped lightly upon the forepart of the sledge, seized the thong which served for a rein, and said a few words to the animals, and away they went over the hard snow at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

There was something peculiarly wild and exhilarating in this sleigh-ride in Arctic regions and Dot would have thoroughly enjoyed it had Harland been with her. Away bounded the dogs, sniffing the cold breeze in their broad nostrils, and moving their strong, slender legs so fast that they were nearly invisible.

They had proceeded about two miles, when they were obliged to descend into a hollow bordering on the sea. There Alok paused, looking around her for some path, by means of which she might ascend the elevated side of the valley in front of her.

"Wait minute—me go and look," she said, leaving the sleigh.

She soon disappeared behind a rock, and Dot was anxiously awaiting her return when she fancied she heard a hoarse croak behind her.

Turning, she then beheld, to her dismay, the horrible face of the Ice-Fiend peering down at her from the edge of the hollow.

His coarse black hair drooping round his shoulders, his wild eyes and leering mouth, inspired her with such terror that she sprung from the sleigh and ran toward the sea.

Rook darted after her. She saw him coming, and ran out on an ice-cake projecting into the water.

Past this, drifting seaward, a towering berg was floating. She sprung upon it, deeming any fate preferable to falling into the hands of Rook. The ice was whirled swiftly along by the current, further and further out to sea, leaving baffled



Rook howling on the beach. Dot crouched in a hollow of the ice, and did not venture forth for half an hour. Then she looked toward the shore to behold Rook and Alok apparently in angry altercation.

Soon a cloud of mist rolled over them, and they were hidden from the young girl's sight.

The shriek uttered by Dot had drawn Alok toward the sleigh. A single glance showed the Arctic belle what had happened. She saw Dot upon the drifting berg, and Rook ashore gesticulating and howling in baffled rage.

She angrily bade him leave the spot. He refused at first, but fiercely, ere Alok could prevent him, he sprung upon the sleigh and drove furiously toward the village, leaving Alok in the ice-hollow.

The young woman, as has been shown, was a person of good feelings, was peculiarly alive to the sentiment of gratitude. Dot had saved her little niece, and so she had determined to rescue the white girl if possible—to get her far away from her people—aboard some one of the friendly vessels in Archangel Bay.

What had taken place was peculiarly aggravating. Alok had found a good place for the passage of the sleigh, and had been sure she could convey Dot to the American vessels before nightfall. Rook, however, had spoiled all, and as there was no canoe at this point, Alok could not go after the young girl to convey her to the shore.

Still she was resolved not to abandon her attempt to befriend the poor castaway. Adrift upon an iceberg, Dot might never be picked up, and must eventually perish of hunger and cold.

Alok left the hollow and walked rapidly along the beach about a mile, when she came to a place where she knew canoes were kept. It was a sort of hunting rendezvous; a cave in a rock by the sea, where the Esquimaux would sometimes repair ere they set out on their excursions after walrus, whale or seal.

There were several canoes lying here, and Alok, having chosen one containing, in a seal-skin bag, a supply of deer's and bear's meat, at once set out in search of the fair fugitive.



She had not paddled five yards from the beach, when she heard a whining sound behind her, and turned to behold a large dog on the beach, looking wistfully after her.

She recognized the creature at once as one of the dogs which had been attached to the sleigh, and which, by some means, must have broken loose. It had then come to seek its mistress—the pretty Alok, whom it so tenderly loved.

A happy thought passed through Alok's mind. She would take with her the dog, which would assist her to find the person she was in search of. It was an animal of great sagacity, and could scent a walrus or seal at an almost incredible distance.

Returning to the beach, she soon had the dog in the canoe and paddled off with it.

"Good Narvo," she said, in the Esquimaux dialect, patting the creature on the head. "Keep a good look-out, Narvo."

The dog pricked up its ears and whined intelligently.

Alok directed the canoe, as well as she could judge in the fog, toward where she had last seen the berg containing Dot.

Now and then the dog would prick up its ears and bark, as if to notify its mistress that she was paddling in the right direction.

Suddenly as the canoe darted through an ice channel, it elevated its head and commenced barking earnestly, its nose pointed toward a berg, looming up a short distance ahead.

"Ah, good Narvo, I believe we have found her, at last!" said Alok, her black eyes shining with delight—"let me once get her into the canoe, and we will soon reach Archangel Bay."

The dog whined eagerly in response, its eyes glistening in sympathy with those of its mistress.

Soon the canoe was alongside the berg.

Alok tied her vessel to a projecting spur, and the dog ran up to the frozen mass ahead of her. She followed quickly. So soon behold Narvo, standing on the edge of a hole in the center of the ice and barking furiously.

Surprised she looked down, but, instead of Dot, it was a young man whom she saw in the ice-screw.

His light, chestnut hair hung in frozen loops about his temples, his eyes were closed, his form doubled up, his upturned face of deathly paleness.



"Ah, white man! white man!" cried Alok, clasping her hands, "he must be from ship, too! poor young man!"

Her womanly sympathies were aroused; a sort of tender pity made her bosom heave, especially as she perceived that the face was handsome and noble.

"Dead! dead! me afraid he dead!" muttered the young woman.

With the activity of her race, she descended into the ice-pit and laid her hand over the young man's heart.

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE APPARITION.

BEN WATERS, after his fall from the cliff, did not long remained senseless.

Memory soon revived, and he sat down, pondering as to his next course.

Alok had made off with Dot, and he knew it were now almost impossible for him to obtain possession of the girl. Still he resolved to try again, and so moved toward the village. He had not proceeded far, when he came upon Rook, also hurrying toward the village. The dwarf, however, would not deign him even a glance, but hurried on, quickening his steps, and instead of entering the village, passed it.

As Ben moved through the place he noticed that the men all seemed to avoid conversation with him, now and then, however, directing toward him a scowling glance.

He inquired if they had seen the white girl, but he was answered with a short, growling negative.

"That Rook is setting them against me," thought the man. "I must look out for myself. I hardly think it safe to remain here. Well, I'll go, but before I go, I'll have my revenge on that dwarf, whose whole fault it is that I have been balked in securing Dot." So saying he hurried back to that part of the beach near which he had seen a canoe. He soon found it and paddled it to the ship, now deserted by



the natives, who were busy in the village stowing what plunder they had already obtained.

He stepped aboard, procured from the cook's caboose an ax, which had thus far escaped the attention of the natives, and with which he severed the cable.

"There," he muttered, "they shall get nothing more from the ship. Meanwhile, I had better make my way, now that all my hope of finding the girl seems gone, to Archangel Bay, and get aboard one of the whale-ships there, especially as it is not safe for me to remain in these quarters longer. In fact, I have a suspicion that Rook knows me, after all."

This suspicion was founded on several circumstances, one of which was of the dwarf's not complying with his wishes about the girl.

True, the fellow's brain was affected—he was, in fact, almost a madman; yet neither his fiendish cunning nor his memory was much impaired.

Ben had caught his eyes several times, gleaming upon him with an expression which he did not like. His turning his glances away, whenever he found he was observed by Waters, strengthened the latter in his conviction that he was recognized.

"If I have lost the girl, however," muttered the wretch, between his teeth, as he continued to ply his paddles, "I have at least the satisfaction of having put out of her way that fellow whom she would have married. She, herself, has perhaps perished by this time."

Bad as the man was, he uttered this last sentence with some regret; for Dot had always been kind to him, and when she refused him, had done so as gently as possible, and told him that she would always be his friend.

As he glided on through the channels between the floating masses of ice, he suddenly beheld, as the fog lifted, a large whale-ship booming along at the distance of about half a league.

He sprung to his feet, and made vehement signals by waving his paddle; but he was not observed, and, in a few minutes, the vessel passed out of his sight in one of those belts of fog, which are almost always hovering about the waters of the Arctic Ocean.



"Never mind; the bay can not be further than five leagues from hence. Once there, I am all right."

He kept on; but he had not gone a half-mile, when he beheld a sight that chilled the blood in every vein.

In a word, he saw, standing on top of an iceberg, evidently the same on which he shot Harland, the form of the latter, his clothing and hair sheeted with ice, his face ghastly, his cheeks and eyes sunken, his arms folded over his breast.

He stood motionless, the deep eyes gleaming beneath the frozen hair, with an almost unearthly luster, turned mournfully and reproachfully—at least so Waters thought, upon himself.

The latter, inheriting the superstition of his Arctic ancestors, uttered a cry of horror, and turned away his head, believing that it was the specter of Harland he had seen.

He was still more confirmed in this belief, when, on again looking toward the spot, he discovered that the vision was gone.

For a long time he sat motionless in the canoe, without strength or power to move his paddle.

At length the floes of ice drifting down upon him, and threatening to crush his frail craft, warned him to keep on his course, if he would not perish.

The man, however, had made a mistake regarding Harland.

The bullet from the pistol had merely grazed the young man's temple; but, in stepping aside to avoid the shot, when the weapon was aimed at him, the captain's foot had slipped, causing him to fall and strike his head against the edge of ice, which had saved him from going into the water. The blow had been severe enough to stun him. He might have remained unconscious longer, but for the opportune arrival of Alok, who at once commenced to chafe his hands and temples.

He opened his eyes, and glanced wildly round him, ere his gaze settled on the face of the Arctic girl.

"Where am I? Who are you?" he inquired, much bewildered.

"Alok," she answered, "my name. You have had fall in ice."

Slowly recollection came back to Harland's mind.



"I remember, now," he muttered, "but who are you? How came you here?"

"Me come in search of white girl, who get on ice and float off—me can not find."

White girl?" said Harland.

"Yes; think belong to same ship you America ship."

When was this?"

Alok soon explained, in a such a manner that the truth at once flashed on Harland's mind that it was Dot of whom the woman spoke.

"Good God! can it be possible?"

"Ah, me see! You white girl's lover!"

"Yes; and she's alive! alive, after all!" cried the young man, joyfully. "Thank God for this! Thank you, good friend, for the news you bring me!"

And he kissed the girl's hand in his delight.

She watched him with a tender joy.

"Come," he continued, "you say you came here in a canoe."

That is well; we will at once go and look for her!"

Ere the girl could prevent him, he was half-way up the ice-pit. He was soon on top of the berg, glancing round him.

It was at this juncture that Ben Waters beheld the young man and took him for an apparition. Although apparently gazing toward the latter, yet Harland did not see him, for the fog hid him from the sight of the captain, who, from his elevated position, was plainly visible to the other.

Harland looked round him on all sides; but he could not see far, as the fog, which by this time had thickened, bounded his vision.

The knowledge that Dot was somewhere afloat upon a berg, filled him with a sort of feverish anxiety, which made him feel as if he must see her.

He shouted, hoping that the girl might hear him, but there came no response.

Alok now stole to his side.

"Come," he cried, eagerly, "let us go at once and look for her."

"You hungry—you tired—you want eat," said she. "Me got eat in canoe!"



"Nothing, nothing!" answered Harland, who had lost his appetite from excitement. "Not now."

So saying he descended into the canoe.

Alok at once took to her paddles, and the canoe glided among the bergs.

For hours they continued the search in vain.

At last they came to a berg, which looked as if it had struck another and had parted in the middle from the force of the shock. On one side of the larger fragment of the two, hung a piece of a torn mantle, which Harland and Alok at once recognized as part of the garment Dot had worn.

The young man groaned, as he picked up the piece of cloth and looked.

Alok shook her head, solemnly.

"Lost! lost! this time!" he cried. "Oh, God! to think that I should have heard she was alive, to now—"

A choking sensation in his throat prevented him from further utterance. Narvo, the dog, whined as if in sympathy with the sufferer.

"I 'fraid she fall off and drown. Yes! yes!" muttered Alok.

"Perhaps she may have got on some other berg," said Harland, hopeful to the last.

As he spoke, a dismal croaking was heard behind the canoe.

The occupants turned, to behold Rook perched upon a berg, waving his spear triumphantly.

"Never find girl!" he screamed—"ho! ho! Me look for her! Me come out in canoe, after drive sleigh to village, and me see on berg. Me go after her. She jump off in water to get away from Rook! She drown!"

As he spoke, he lifted his spear to hurl it at Harland.

Alok threw herself between the uplifted weapon and the young man.

The dwarf then lowered the spear, but turning, addressed himself to some person or persons on the other side of the berg.

He then disappeared, but the next moment again came in sight in a large canoe, rounding the iceberg, and containing, besides himself, half a dozen Esquimaux, all armed.



"Ho! ho! think escape Rook! Got now! Another white man kill!"

The Esquimaux dashed alongside the canoe containing Alok and Harland.

The latter was hauled into the larger vessel, and half a dozen spears were elevated above his body.

The young man looked calmly at his assailants.

"Strike!" he exclaimed. "I have nothing to live for, now, and care not how soon you end my miserable life!"

Alok, however, threw herself upon the prostrate white man, winding her arms round his neck, while in the native dialect, rapidly and eagerly addressing her people.

They had always looked up to and respected this girl. Her speech was attentively listened to, the weapons were drawn aside, and a consultation was held.

The result seemed to be a conclusion to take Harland alive to the Esquimaux village.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### CAPTURED.

As the two canoes, the smaller one containing Rook, who after vainly exhorting his people to kill Harland, had jumped into the lighter vessel, drew shoreward. Alok remained by the captain's side, as if fearful that the savage crew might change their decision and conclude to obey the wild exhortations of Rook, who had not yet ceased his clamoring for the white man's death.

With his head bowed upon his bosom, Harland seemed indifferent to those around him. His heart was doubly crushed by this second conviction of Dot's death, and he could neither think of, nor care for his own fate.

The low-browed Esquimaux watched him with their dull, stupid eyes, as they plied their paddles, now and then frowning at the interest manifested by pretty Alok for the captive.

Several of them were young men, who had vainly endeav-



ored to win the girl's affections. Her beauty had even touched their sluggish hearts, and they had made her great offerings of bears' and walrus' skins, the feathers of the Arctic duck, and presents obtained in trade from whale-ships, which had occasionally visited their shores. She had rejected their offers with scorn, determined she would never take an Esquimaux husband.

It was a pretty sight to see her now, with both hands on Harland's arm, her dark eyes full of sympathy, as they rested upon his sad face and fine stalwart frame.

On went the canoe and soon reached the hunters' rendezvous, which has already been alluded to.

An Esquimaux then placed himself on each side of Harland, the rest walking behind him, ready to use their weapons on the slightest attempt he should make to escape.

He seemed little inclined to get away, however; but still brooding on Dot Winton's fate, allowed them to conduct him to the village.

Men, women and children, came out to see the captive, the former laughing and jeering at him as he was led on.

He was taken to the chief's hut, but as the chief was now eating his dinner, he could not at present attend to the prisoner, who was therefore made to sit down, surrounded by his guard—Alok still present—on one of the skins in the underground retreat.

The chief occupied the center of this chamber, seated on a white bear-skin, partaking of such a dinner as he was not in the habit of enjoying.

This meal consisted of some of the salt junk—deemed a great delicacy by the Esquimaux—and hard sea-biscuit, stolen from the ship Manton.

At last, having eaten about two pounds of the junk, and half a dozen biscuits, he deigned to turn and look at Harland.

"Boo!"

Harland paid no attention to him.

"Boo!" repeated the chief. "Esquimaux great people. Make white man run away."

Still Harland answered not.

Alok now said something to him, which made him grunt like a pig.



He turned and spoke to the guard, one of whom went out, to soon return with the chief men of the place.

Squatted in a circle in the hut, they held a long consultation, of which Harland was evidently the object, as their glances were frequently directed toward him. Rook was among them, and Alok's musical voice was also occasionally heard.

Now and then the chief would address her in a stern tone, reproving her, as was afterward ascertained, for trying to help the white girl and her people; for Rook had already explained to the chief her attempt to take Dot Winton to Archangel Bay.

At length the consultation was ended. The council had not been able to agree as to Harland's fate.

The chief, who, like most of the Esquimaux of this place, had from frequent intercourse with the whale-ships, obtained a slight knowledge of English, turned to the young man and said:

"We keep prisoner, now. Bumby perhaps kill, for no must get away to tell about take ship. Alok keep pris'ner too; 'fraid she help white man escape!"

Harland was then led away to a deserted underground retreat, into which he was thrust, several Esquimaux being appointed to keep guard over him.

As he was led off, Alok addressed herself to the chief in an eloquent, pleading manner, making some request which he finally granted.

This, as was afterward proven, was that she should be confined in the same retreat with Harland—on condition that another Esquimaux female should also be near to keep watch of her and see that she did not try to bribe the guard.

Soon after, Harland's daily allowance of food, consisting of some of his own salt junk and a jar of water, was brought to him.

He would not, however, even look at the food.

Alok laid her hand on his arm.

"Come, eat," she said; "oh, white man, eat! Alok beg eat."

"No," he answered, gloomily, "I want no food."

But Alok coaxed him at last into tasting of the meat, which he did only to oblige her.



She then made a fire, that his frozen garments might be warmed and dried.

At last, in spite of his sufferings, nature overpowered him, and stretched out on a bear-skin, he sunk into a deep slumber.

When he waked his first words were, "Dot Winton." Half-bewildered, he rubbed his eyes, at first fancying she was bending over him.

But he groaned with disappointment on discovering that it was Alok.

Her hands clasped on her bosom, she kneeled by his side, looking at him with gentle, womanly earnestness.

She had made some improvement in her toilet—had put on a cloth scarf, combed her black hair, and fastened round it a green ribbon, which Dot had given her because she admired it.

Her dog-skin mantle was neatly brushed, and she had put round her well-formed throat a string of beads made of walrus-bone.

"No ; it is only Alok," she said, mournfully ; "if she could only cheer the white man, she would be happy."

He turned his head away from her. Finally he looked round again, and perceived that she was weeping.

"What is the matter ?" he inquired.

She wiped her eyes.

"Alok would be white man's friend. Oh, if he would only love her !"

She said this earnestly but simply, with such innocence that Harland was touched.

"No," he answered, gravely, "I can never love another ; but I will always be your friend, for you have been kind to me."

Just then the noise of descending footsteps was heard.

Into the hut came the guard and bade Harland go with them.

Alok questioned them.

They answered briefly, when the girl threw her arms round Harland, in a paroxysm of grief.

"No ! no ! you must not kill Alok's friend !"

"So they have decided to kill me ?" said Harland

"Yes," sobbed Alok. "Rook has persuaded the chief to



have you speared to death, that he may be sure you may never get away from here to tell about Esquimaux taking your ship. He afraid of *that* !”

“Be it so,” answered Harland, indifferently ; “the sooner the better.”

The guard led the young man from the hut.

In the center of the village, about fifty people—men, women and children, were present to witness his execution.

He was led forth and tied with stout thongs to a pole, which had been driven deep into the snow.

At that moment Alok, who had taken advantage of the withdrawal of the guard, made her appearance, her black locks streaming on the wind, her face wild with agony.

She ran up to the chief, who was present, and addressed him in beseeching tones.

She told him that the death of Harland would not prevent the story of the captured ship from reaching the ears of other crews, as some of the white men had escaped and would probably be picked up.

The Esquimaux listened to her in stern silence.

“My canoes are out in search of those white men, and will find them,” was his answer.

The conversation was in the Esquimaux dialect, but as Alok subsequently related it to the whites, we can give it in English.

“They may not find them. I beg you, oh chief, not to put the white man to death ! If you do, the Frost Spirit shall hide all the walruses and seals in anger, and your people no more be successful in the hunt.”

Now as Alok, from her superior wisdom, had always been deemed a sort of prophetess by the superstitious Esquimaux, the chief deemed it proper to consider her words.

Finally he consulted again with some of his best men, when a sort of compromise was agreed upon.

This was that Harland, lashed to an iceberg, should be set adrift. This would not be exactly putting him to death, as there was a chance of his being picked up.

Alok, who had heard this decision, objected to it, but the chief was determined this time not to be turned from his purpose. There was a superstition among his people that to



kill a single stranger outright when brought to his village, would be attended with bad luck to the whole tribe, but there was nothing in their belief against otherwise getting rid of an obnoxious person.

For this reason Alok had upon him no influence. Perceiving this, she resolved upon another attempt to save him.

"Listen, chief," she said. "Alok acknowledges she *loves* this stranger, and that is why his life is so dear to her. Give her time to endeavor to persuade him to marry and live with her in this village."

At this there was a loud murmur on all sides, especially among the young Esquimaux men.

As Alok, however, had openly avowed, she would never marry any of the tribe, the chief finally listened to her earnest pleadings. He had been a great friend of her father's, and had always been disposed to grant any request she might make.

Alok had moreover looked so beautiful when she avowed her love for Harland, that she might have moved a heart of stone. She had made the declaration without any of that embarrassment which in a similar case, a white maiden would have shown, although her heightened color and softly shining eyes were proof of her sincerity.

"I thought so," said the chief; "so now listen. We will give the white man a day to decide. If he decide against you, pretty Alok, his sentence must be fulfilled. If otherwise, then he must marry you without delay, first promising never to leave our village."

The young man was then unbound and led back to the retreat, whither Alok soon repaired.

Wondering why they had not killed him, he questioned Alok the moment she appeared before him.



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE ICE PRISON

ALOK, fixing her soft glance upon him a moment, advanced, laid both plump little hands upon his shoulder, and said, blushing deeply :

"Alok pity the white man; *she loves him*. The chief has consented to spare his life if he marry her and live with her in this village."

Harland drew back.

Such an avowal from a white maiden he would have deemed immodest and unwomanly, and even the frankness of the Arctic girl surprised him.

But her large, soft eyes beamed on him as innocently as a child's, and she seemed unconscious that she had said any thing wrong.

He pitied her, and clasped both her little hands.

"No," he gently answered. "The only one I could ever love is dead. But I shall treasure your kindness, my dear child, and be a friend to you forever, in the next world, I trust, as well as during the few short hours I shall remain in this one."

A shadow crossed Alok's face. Her tears fell fast.

"Perhaps love come after awhile," she said. "Oh, white man, Alok will be so good! She will be a slave to him; will bring him plenty of seals and good bear-skins. She will make him warm coats and good shoes for his feet. She will make his fire, will cook for him, wait upon him, and never tire of working for him. Think, white man, oh, think and be good to Alok!"

Her eyes shone upon him like stars through her tears; she tossed her thick, black hair from her face, full of love's pleading expression.

"No, it can not be," answered Harland.

"If he would not like to stay in village," continued Alok, "we get away, and she will go with him wherever he wish."



The young captain sadly shook his head.

The natural vanity of man had no place in his bosom now. He felt pained that this poor creature, whose love he could not return, should thus plead with him.

In imagination he still beheld the lovely face, the neat figure, the round, plump waist of Dot Winton; his own Dot, lost to him forever.

Vainly Alok endeavored to change his resolution.

She felt piqued because she could not win him, but she was not angry.

"Ah, well," she moaned, "you must make believe, so as your life be saved, and—"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when the chief stalked sternly into the retreat.

"Alok would deceive her people," he cried, in a voice of thunder. "The white man's doom is sealed!"

The words were uttered in the Esquimaux tongue, but Harland could almost interpret them by the chief's manner.

Alok fell down on her knees before the stern man, and begged him to give her a little more time.

But the chief was inexorable. He had been a listener to what had passed, and knew that Harland would not change his mind.

"White man's time has come!" he said to the young captain.

"The sooner the better," answered the latter.

The chief called to the guard; they came, and Harland was conducted to the beach. He was then taken in a canoe to a drifting berg, and with strong thongs of seal-skin was lashed to a column of ice upon it.

The Esquimaux then left him—left him to drift along, fast to the frozen berg.

Many of the villagers had repaired to the beach to witness the spectacle.

They saw the form of the young man pass out of sight in the mist, and uttered guttural shouts of approval.

The moment the guard had gone, Alok, stealing away from the village, repaired to the hunters' rendezvous.

The chief had given orders to some of the Esquimaux men to watch her; but some bottles of wine taken from the cap-



tured ship had fallen into their hands, and they were so intoxicated that they had not noticed her withdrawal from the place.

She sprung into a canoe, and was soon putting rapidly out to sea, taking care to keep herself screened by intervening bergs from the party on the beach until she was hidden by the mist.

She had not proceeded far when she heard a dismal croak behind her, and turned, to behold Rook, the Ice-Fiend, in a canoe, paddling rapidly after her.

The aspect of the dwarf was now terrible. His hair hung in stiff masses over his low forehead, his eyes shone like balls of fire, his face seemed almost black with rage.

"Ho! ho! come back or I kill! Come back, Alok! The white man is Rook's prey—Rook has come to kill. Rook never let him be picked up! Come back, Alok, or I will spear you like a seal!"

Alok answered not. Faster and faster she plied her paddle, and as she had the best canoe, she gained on the dwarf.

But what if the direction she was taking should prove the wrong one, and Rook should be the first to reach the white man?

She shuddered at the idea, her bosom heaving with anxious fear, and she deeply regretted she had not had time to bring Narvo, her dog, with her.

Plying the paddles, she glanced keenly ahead of her, looking vainly for the berg to which Harland had been secured.

Turning, she then noticed that the dwarf was hurrying off in another direction.

At this sight she felt faint and sick. Rook had doubtless discovered the young man, and was now hurrying straight toward him.

She stood up, and peering ahead of his canoe, perceived that such indeed was the case. There, scarcely twenty fathoms ahead of Rook, she could see the young man fast to the ice-pillar.

Sudden desperation seized the young woman. Her arms seemed nerved with superhuman strength. Her paddles again flashed into the water, and as she darted on, she noticed, to her great joy, that Rook would be obliged, ere he could reach



the berg containing his intended victim, to pass round another lower than the one of his destination, but so large at its base that it would require several minutes for him to get clear of the obstruction.

On went her canoe like the wind; and in a few moments she had reached the berg.

She clambered up it, took from her girdle the short clasp-knife she always carried, and severed the thongs that held Harland to the ice-pillar.

"Thanks," answered the young man, "but you might as well have left me to my fate."

"No," answered Alok, "me save! me take you to Archangel Bay. Me follow you wherever you go, and be your slave! You want servant—me be your servant!"

At that moment the angry scream of Rook pierced the air like that of some bird of ill-omen.

There he was, in his canoe, near the base of the cliff. He had set Alok's canoe far adrift among some bergs which were crushing it, and now stood upright, his spear pointed at Harland and drawn back for the fatal dart.

Alok saw him first, and quickly sprung between the weapon and the man she loved, encircling him with her arms.

Just then the spear left the hands of Rook. It came whistling through the air, and slantingly passed across the breast of poor Alok, inflicting a severe wound.

Harland picked up the weapon as it struck the ice, and enraged beyond all bounds, aimed and threw it at the Ice-Fiend, who, however, now deprived of his spear, passed quickly round a berg, disappearing from sight, ere the captain darted.

"You are badly hurt," said the captain to Alok.

"No—not much," she answered, although a deadly paleness passed over her face.

She seized the cloth scarf she had thrown over her shoulders to make herself look pretty in Harland's eyes, and bound it tightly about her bosom.



## CHAPTER XIII

## A DISCOVERY.

THE Ice-Fiend had told a falsehood when he informed Alok and Harland that Dot Winton had fallen off the iceberg and been drowned.

The truth was he had not been able to find her, and his hatred of the whites, together with his spite against Alok, for her efforts in the girl's favor, had prompted him to tell the story to distress them.

Dot had remained crouched in the hollow of the drifting berg until she suddenly heard it strike against another, and felt it parting asunder from the concussion. In her haste to get on the other berg, she had torn her mantle and left the fragment on the mass of ice she had quitted. Hours passed—the berg carrying her she knew not whither. Suddenly she beheld an unexpected sight.

Ahead of her, right in the track of the drifting berg, lay the ship—the Manton, which had been carried thither out of the bay!

How came the vessel here?

The young girl vainly puzzled herself for an explanation. There it was, however, and she hoped to be able to reach it.

In fact, there seemed every prospect of this, as the berg was being carried straight toward the vessel.

On it went, and as it drifted faster than the ship, it was soon abreast of it.

Now, however, just as Dot anticipated being carried against the ship's side, a puff of wind caught on the vessel's clewed down fore-topsail and maintopsail, and whirled her round.

This brought the berg opposite her bows—too far off for the young girl to reach them.

There was a rope, however, dangling from the boom—the jib gasket. She seized this and held to it until the floating mass of ice swung against the craft.

She stepped on the rail, and thence to the deck.



Glancing around her, she now perceived that the Esquimaux had stripped the deck of nearly every thing it had contained. She went into the cabin, to perceive that they had also taken many articles of furniture from it.

She hastened to attire herself in dry garments: then she went on deck.

Alone aboard the ship! What would become of her?

All around her, as the vessel drifted on, she saw the ice towering in fantastic masses; should there come a heavy gale, her doom was certain.

The vessel continued drifting on until a change of tide, which carried it toward the shore.

It was prevented from striking this by a counter-current, which drew it between two great walls of ice, like rugged rocks floating near the beach.

There, jammed fast, it remained motionless, as if at anchor.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### REUNITED.

ALOK returned the anxious glances of Harland with looks of gentle assurance, although it seemed to him that she was weak and faint.

He was still watching her, when he fancied he heard the dip of a paddle in the water.

He glanced in the direction of the sound, to behold a canoe emerging round a berg. In it was the figure of a man, whom Harland at once recognized as Ben Waters.

In fact, this man, to avoid the Esquimaux searching for the whites, had, ever since he saw what he had deemed was the apparition of Harland, been compelled to direct his canoe hither and thither among the floes, to avoid discovery.

At last, fancying he had escaped the searchers, he had directed his canoe toward Archangel Bay.

He had not proceeded far, however, when he beheld, right ahead of him, on a berg which was not more than fifty feet



from that occupied by Harland and Alok, the fugitives from the Manton, crouched in a hollow of the ice.

That they saw him was evident, as they all rose and commenced leaping from berg to berg, making toward him. To avoid them, he turned his canoe, and was thus, as shown brought within the view of Harland, whom he did not yet see.

The captain at once concluded to try to capture the wretch, and secure his canoe.

Bidding Alok wait for him, he withdrew to the other side of the berg, and was soon at the foot of the icy mass.

In this position he was screened from the view of Waters, the other side of the berg being turned toward the latter.

He was obliged to wait a few minutes, however, ere the drifting masses of ice were near enough for him to obtain a footing upon them.

At last he got upon one of the cakes, which now extended, linked together, almost alongside the canoe.

Harland at once started, running swiftly round the berg, in time to see Waters about resuming his paddle.

The young man did not pause. He darted swiftly forward, and was, at the same moment, seen by Waters.

The latter uttered a cry of terror, and again dropped his paddle. But there was that in the aspect of Harland which now convinced him of the mistake he had made.

In fact, the captain, his eyes blazing with anger and determination, his lips compressed, his fists tightly clenched, looked like any thing but a ghost as he came on.

Still the surprise of Waters, who had felt sure he had killed the other, held him mute and motionless, a few seconds longer.

Only a few seconds. The next moment, with a howl of derision, he picked up his paddle and commenced working vigorously.

He was, however, obliged to send the canoe straight forward, while a short distance ahead and behind him, the ice had closed so that there was only a narrow channel, hardly large enough to permit his passage through it.

The man pulled his pistol from his pocket, as Harland ran along, keeping pace with the canoe, which was yet too far off for him to seize. He dropped it, however, with a howl



of baffled rage remembering that he had shot away, when he discharged it at Harland, his last supply of ammunition. He now stopped paddling, undecided what to do. Harland stopped, too.

The current, however, carried Ben's light vessel on; the passage was becoming narrower every moment, so that the young man would soon be enabled to grasp the canoe.

At length a sudden thought seemed to seize Waters. A coward at heart, he feared the worst from Harland's lowering countenance and determined aspect. He knew enough of the man to be aware that he was possessed of tremendous strength, that nothing could deter him from his purpose, and that he was a stranger to fear.

"You let me go my way, and I'll let you go yours," he said.

"Rascal, you have paved *your* way to the gallows," answered Harland. "You shall swing for your treachery, if we are ever picked up!"

"Wait a moment—not too fast! Perhaps I can tell you something of one whom you would like to know about."

"What do you mean?"

"Something about Dot Winton!"

"Miserable liar! She is lost—drowned, and her death be upon *your* head!"

"Drowned—I do not think so. She is hid away—somewhere ashore. If you let me go, I think I can tell you *where*."

Hope sprung up, momentarily, in the young man's breast. Then, looking steadily at the trembling wretch, he concluded that this was all a subterfuge for the purpose of saving his miserable life.

How could he doubt the girl's death? He had heard her fall in the water.

"Rook, it seems, picked her up, and sent her ashore in another canoe, after she fell off the berg."

"A likely story, and I not to see her. I have been ashore. I must have been by the berg soon after she fell."

"Rook gave her in charge to one of his men, who took her ashore. I was near, hidden behind a berg, and saw it all."

"My God! if I could only believe you!"

"I will tell you where she is if you let me go!"



"No I will *not* let you go ; but, as true as there is a sky above us, I *will* kill you, if you do not tell me where she is !"

Waters shook in every limb. Then, wild with terror, he suddenly dashed his paddle into the water.

Ahead, Harland's shipmates now appeared, making their way toward the spot !

One sweep of the paddle carried the canoe to the ice-cake, opposite that on which the young captain stood. Waters sprang out, running with all his might toward a mass of bergs, which, pile upon pile, lay ahead of him, communicating with hundreds of others, right and left.

Ere either Harland or his friends could get to the other side of the channel, Waters had disappeared.

Leaving the Rev. John Beaton in charge of the canoe, and Alok, who had now come to the spot, Harland, with the rest, went in search of the wretch.

• For hours they vainly looked for him. Night put an end to the search.

They returned to the canoe, which they found large enough to contain them all.

Weak and faint—cold and hungry, the captain's shipmates advised that they should at once endeavor to make their way toward Archangel Bay.

Harland, who had hitherto thought of nothing but the information about Dot Winton, and who was still tortured by doubts as to the truth of Ben's story, now raised himself from his reverie.

"First," said he, "we will endeavor to find our own ship. She may by this time be deserted by the Esquimaux."

The others murmured at this, but Harland was firm.

They passed a miserable night in an ice hollow. At dawn Harland, ere starting in search of his ship, again looked, but vainly, for Ben Waters.

At last the party were cautiously gliding toward the bay in which they had left the vessel.

Their surprise was great when they discovered she was gone.



## CHAPTER XV.

## ABOARD SHIP.

It was some time ere Dot Winton sufficiently recovered from the effect of her hardships and excitement to think of eating a morsel of food.

She partook sparingly of refreshment; then with an irresistible feeling of drowsiness she threw herself on a lounge in the cabin and went to sleep. She was the victim of strange dreams, in which her lover, though drowned in the sea, as it seemed to her, kept appearing, telling her that he would soon join her.

When she waked it was night. She was startled by a succession of long, grinding crashes, as if the ship were being torn asunder.

She went on deck, to discover, by the light of the moon, that the vessel was now wedged in between drifting masses of ice, which had evidently struck against the others with a force to dislodge them.

Dot judged that the vessel, which now lay over almost on her beam-ends, had got aground. In this situation, packed in the ice, her timbers shook and creaked as if every moment about to give way—the frozen masses seeming to press her tighter and tighter every moment.

Trembling with dread, Dot entered the cabin and lighted a lamp which she found in one of the rooms. It was midnight, when, kneeling by the companion steps, she bowed her face on her hands, silently praying to God to send her assistance, and to watch over and protect Harland.

She then rose, when, turning her glance toward the companion-way, what was her horror at beholding the object, which of all others, she most dreaded to see.

This was the Ice-Fiend, who, with hands grasping the sill of the doorway, stood in a half-stooping attitude, looking down upon her.



The light of the cabin lamp streamed full upon the unearthly face, contrasting singularly with the white bear-skin cap on his head. From beneath this cap his coarse, black hair, glittering with frosty particles, fell about his face, half obscuring the bulging, fiery eyes, while the black ears seemed to hang far backward, giving him more the appearance of some wild beast than of a human being.

Dot stood like one spellbound, her gaze fixed upon Rook, as by some dread fascination.

"Ho! ho!" screamed the Ice-Fiend, "so me found you! Me make believe me go away from Waters, but me wait till *he* go; then me get into one of my people's canoes, which they leave to carry things they get from ship to village, and me paddle all over, looking for white girl, which me find at last. How come ship here? How *you* come here?"

Dot was too terrified to utter a word in reply. She saw the dwarf descending toward her, and, with a scream of terror, she ran into the hold, through the opening in the bulkheads, which, aboard this vessel, separated the after part from the steerage.

She heard the Ice-Fiend yelling and grunting, as he came on in pursuit, and obeying an impulse of terror, she crouched in a corner, among some coils of rigging, hoping he would pass her.

She heard him searching for her, here and there, until being unable to find her in the darkness, he went back for the lamp.

Soon he returned with it, and, in a few minutes, discovered Dot.

With a yell of triumph, he ran toward her. She sprung up, and, darting toward the forward part of the vessel, soon found herself in the fore-hold. At one side there was a large pile of whalebone slabs, each about five feet long. They were arrayed in a methodical manner, but, here and there were openings, leading down among them, forming several recesses, which might serve for concealment. Into one of these poor Dot crawled—further and further, until she had gone a distance of ten feet, when she paused. The contact of her person with the yielding slabs, had, meanwhile caused a number of them to give way, falling about the aperture through which



she had entered—thus closing her up so that she could scarcely breathe.

She had run so swiftly that, ere the Ice-Fiend, who was rather clumsy in his movements in the cluttered hold, could reach the forepart, she was in her hiding-place.

He now came blundering along, evidently wondering what had become of her. Behind barrels and among coils of rigging he vainly searched; then he passed into the forecastle, peering into every bunk.

For hours he continued vainly to look for her. Finally she heard him go aft again.

Meanwhile the noise made by the ice, closing in upon the vessel, became louder every moment, and Dot, crouching upon her knees, listened, expecting to hear the timbers of the ship snap asunder.

She hoped that Rook would also become frightened, so that he would eventually leave the vessel.

Not daring to crawl out of her hiding-place, she remained there, trembling with anxiety and dread.

Hours passed, when, hearing nothing of Rook, and concluding that he had left the ship, she endeavored to get out from among the slabs of bone.

They lay so heavy around her, however, that she was unable to effect her purpose. While she was still struggling, she heard, to her dismay, the voice of the Ice-Fiend, outside of her retreat.

"Me see! me see!" he screamed. "Ho! ho! me found at last!"

Then she heard him drawing slab after slab away, and throwing them from him so as to get at her.

"God help me, now," thought the young woman.

It did not take the dwarf long, with his herculean strength, to dislodge a sufficient number of slabs to afford him a view of Dot's person. Soon he was enabled to dart toward her, through the space he had made.

The young girl, however, was too quick for him. Crawling to one side, she sprung out, and running into the forecastle, mounted the steps, reaching the deck in a minute.

It was now broad daylight, but there was a thick fog upon the sea, hiding even the topmasts from her view.



She found herself, on emerging on deck, within a few feet of the foremast. The shrouds and ratlines, on the starboard side, had been cut away by the greedy Esquimaux, anxious to obtain any thing in the shape of tarred rope, which would afford them good fuel for their fires. On the larboard side they had also commenced cutting away the rigging; but had paused here, after nearly severing it, probably intending to complete their work on their next visit to the ship. The backstays had already given way, but the shrouds, with the ratlines attached, hung bellying in toward the mast, half cut through above and below. In this situation, a slight pressure, it would seem, were sufficient to cause them to snap in twain and fall to the deck.

In her present state of mind, however, and with the Ice-Fiend close behind her, Dot did not pause. A brief glance, it is true, had shown her that the larboard rigging hung by very slender supports; but she felt ready to run any risk, rather than fall into the power of Rook, who inspired her with inexpressible terror.

She, therefore, commenced ascending the larboard rigging, which swayed to and fro, snapping at every step she took.

Just as she got through the "lubber's hole"—thus named because it is in this direction that a lubber, or green hand, most invariably endeavors to crawl into the top, on going aloft—the shrouds gave way, falling with a crash to the deck.

The young girl just saved herself by clutching the *topmast* ratlines, thus drawing herself into the top.

Now glancing below, she beheld baffled Rook, capering about the deck in his rage, shaking his spear at her, and gibbering in his most uncouth manner.

"Come down! come down!" he screamed, "or me throw spear!"

Dot, however, remained clinging to the mast; in fact, she could not have come down—there being no ratlines by which to descend—even had she so wished.

Rook hurled his spear several times, but the warp was not long enough for the weapon to reach her.

For a full hour the dwarf ran about the deck, uttering howls of rage and looking vainly about him for some means to get to the young girl.



At last an idea seemed to strike his half-crazed brain.

His glance fell upon the ax, with which Waters had severed the cable, and which he had left lying near the windlass.

"Ho! ho! you no get from Rook! No! no! me cut down mast; then you quick come!"

To her horror, Dot then beheld him pick up the ax, and running to the foremast, commence chopping at it, with an energy that made the chips fly in all directions.

Dot clung to the mast in an agony of terror.

Faster and faster the blows were showered upon it; it must soon give way!

Already she could feel it tremble, already she could hear an ominous cracking which foreboded its falling in a few minutes!

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE DESERTERS.

THE mutineers, as stated, when they left the Manton, pulled in a direction which they hoped would carry them to Archangel Bay, before daylight.

Heading south-west, they kept on through the channels among the ice, until dawn.

"Hee! hee!" laughed little Crook Spoon, gleefully, springing to his feet—and pointing away toward the shore, about five miles distant—"think me see the masts of vessels!"

He spoke to the Spaniard, who steered the boat.

"Si! si!" answered the latter, and all his companions gave a cheer.

In about two hours they reached the bay, when they boarded the first whale-ship they saw; a craft called the Corinthian, commanded by Captain John Russel, of New Bedford.

In the bay, which afforded an excellent anchorage, being girt by high rocks that kept off the wind, there were about ten vessels in all, some of them trying out, and others full of the sounds of casks being hammered, and fitted for the intended work by their busy coopers.



Captain Russel was a long-limbed, sharp-featured man of sandy complexion, with a long nose and suspicious blue eyes.

"Well," he said, when a warp having been thrown to the mutineers, they boarded the vessel, "what do you want here? Where did you come from?"

One of the Spaniards acted as spokesman.

"We been wrecked, sir. Our ship was stoven by the ice, and went down. We had just time to get in boat, and save ourselves and some of our things."

"What was your vessel's name, and where are the rest of her crew?"

The Spaniard, with his companions, had made up a story for the occasion. They had resolved to give some fictitious name, as that of their vessel; a name which they had never heard of.

"The St. Cloud," answered "John Spaniard," as he was termed by his shipmates. "The rest of the crew was away in the boats, sir, after whales. We ship-keepers, sir."

"The St. Cloud," said Russel. "What! Captain Barker's ship?"

The Spaniard colored to the roots of his hair. He had thought the St. Cloud an entirely fictitious name, whereas it seemed there really was such a vessel.

"Yes, sir!" he stammered.

"When did this happen—where?"

"Yesterday; about twenty miles north-west of this place."

"Ah?"

The speaker showed his teeth, his blue eyes glittering like dagger-points.

"To what port did the St. Cloud belong?" he added, after a moment's pause.

"To—to—New London," stammered the Spaniard.

"This is very strange," said Captain Russel. "The St. Cloud belongs to New Bedford! There is no New London whale-ship of that name. Besides, the St. Cloud passed us yesterday, going south-west!"

The Spaniard, not knowing how to get out of the difficulty into which he had got himself entangled, looked vainly round for assistance from his companions, who were as much embarrassed as himself.



"See here!" continued Captain Russel—"there has been too much of this business lately, and when you try to fool me, you try the wrong man. My opinion is that you are either deserters or mutineers—perhaps both. Steward!" he added, aloud, "bring me my pistols. And you, mates and boat-steerers," he continued, glancing toward those persons, who were interested spectators, "come a little nearer!"

His orders were obeyed.

"Now then," pointing both pistols at the head of the Spaniard—"I want the truth! Where did you come from?"

In this dilemma John Spaniard stood speechless, while little Crook Spoon ran toward the lee scuppers, and crouched near the rail in abject terror.

"Well, sir!" said the Spaniard, at last, "I own I lied! But it was because I was afraid you would not receive us. We are from the Manton—the captain of which, treating us like dogs, we deserted."

"That won't go down!" said the skipper. "Captain Winton is a good man, and has the reputation—"

"No—not him! He—he was killed—and his mate took command! That's the one."

"Killed—eh? And *how* was he killed?"

"By an Esquimaux—he killed two of our men. We looked for him, but couldn't find him."

The captain seemed to reflect.

"This part of your story may or may not be true. I have heard it reported during the last four years, that several white sailors have been murdered on the coast above by something or somebody. I suppose it's the Esquimaux who do it."

"Yes, sir."

"I see there are twenty men of you, in all. How many did you leave aboard the Manton?"

"Five men."

"Well, then, let me tell you you are a set of confounded rascals, and I'll have you all put in irons. How do you suppose those five men are going to work the ship?"

"She was at anchor."

"So much the worse; she'll probably become a prey to the Esquimaux. This affair must be looked into."

He ordered the steward to bring up all the irons he could find.



As there are plenty of these useful articles aboard all whale-ships, the deserters were soon ironed.

They were then thrust into the run, after which Captain Russel pulled round to all the whale-ships in the harbor, and held a consultation with the captain of each.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### JAMMED IN THE ICE.

CLINGING to the mast, Dot watched the Ice-Fiend as he continued to ply his ax.

The spar now quivering at every blow, had begun to reel from side to side, and Dot had given herself up for lost, when she heard a shout coming from the midst of the fog.

Rook, whose ax drowned the voice, ere it could reach his ear, continued to ply his instrument; but Dot, being above, heard the voice distinctly.

Bending forward, she peered eagerly through the fog, and was enabled to make out the outlines of something approaching.

A minute later it shot alongside; a seal skin canoe, containing a woman and five men, one of whom was her lover!

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, in a transport of joy. "Safe—Harland is safe!"

Meanwhile, Rook, still intent upon his work, had not seen the approach of the canoe.

Harland had jumped up and was about giving vent to his joy at sight of Dot, when the first officer laid a hand on his arm.

"You will spoil all," he whispered—"that fellow there, chopping at the mast, will make his escape!"

"You are right," answered the young man.

The moment the vessel glided alongside, he was the first aboard. He picked up a handspike and rushed at Rook, who now hearing his step, turned to behold him only a few yards distant.



His surprise was great ; but he merely drew back a few steps, on perceiving that Harland's only offensive weapon was a handspike.

"Ugh ! ugh ! me kill another white man !" he suddenly cried, flourishing his ax.

Harland did not pause. He dashed straight forward, and aimed a furious blow at Rook's head.

The Ice-Fiend, with a scream of exultation, dodging the handspike, made a blow in his turn at the captain.

Had the ax struck Harland, it must have cloven his head in twain ; but the young sailor drew back in time to avoid it, when, the weapon descending within an inch of his forehead, fell out of Rook's hand and was buried in the deck.

At the same moment the other sailors, with the Rev. John Beaton bringing up the rear, leaped on deck, two of them leading into the cabin poor Alok, now too weak to stand.

The Ice-Fiend then sprung toward the starboard rail, and sliding down the fore-chains, entered his canoe, making off through one of the narrow channels among the bergs which had closed round the vessel.

"Pursue him !" cried Harland to his men—"lively ! lively there !"

The sailors sprung into their canoe ; but by the time they were half-through the ice-channel, the bergs had begun to close it up and they were obliged to return.

Meanwhile, Harland, mounting the main rigging with a rope over his shoulder, had reached the fore-top by sliding down the main-topmast backstay, a feat which Rook, who was no sailor, could not have performed.

Dot threw herself on his bosom and wound her arms round his neck.

"Oh, I am so glad !" she exclaimed ; "so glad we meet again !"

"And how strange it seems to me," he added, "to find you alive and well."

He now fastened the rope around her breast, under the armpits, in such a way as not to hurt her, and in this position she was lowered to the deck.

While descending through the air, she could not help smiling, it seemed such a novel way to come down from aloft.



As to Harland, he reached the deck by sliding along the spar.

"And now," said the young man, "let us take a survey of our situation.

"Don't you think," remarked the Rev. John Beaton, "that our best plan would be to first go and get something to eat? Our Creator has endowed us with certain digestive processes, and it is a *sin* to injure the same when we can possibly avoid it. It shows a contempt of His good works."

Harland thought this excellent advice. All descended into the cabin, which was tolerably warm, and a survey of the pantry, which, fortunately, having been locked, had escaped the ravages of the Esquimaux, revealed some cold meats, some rolls, and a bottle of good wine.

The table was soon set by Dot Winton, and never was a meal so thoroughly enjoyed by the men.

The young girl, however, could not eat a morsel.

She had seen Alok led into the cabin, and having learned that the poor creature had been wounded by Rook's spear, while endeavoring to save Harland, she went to the berth in which the Arctic maiden was now lying.

She rested on her back, propped by pillows, a resigned smile upon her face, which showed no sign of pain except the strange pallor which had gathered upon it.

Harland was soon by Dot's side, as she sat down by the sufferer.

"You alive!" she cried, joyously, taking the girl's hand, "me so glad—so glad!"

Then turning to Harland, she smiled.

"Me love you still, but me no more want you for husband."

At this Dot started, colored, and looked from one to the other.

"No be afraid," said Alok, pressing the girl's hand, "never man so true as he to you. Me try and try, thinking you drown, to win him, but he no live with me in Esquimaux village, never forget *his* love, and die sooner than marry *me*!"

She sunk back with a deep sigh.

"Me no live long, now," she continued, resignedly.

"Indeed, I trust you will get over the effects of your wound," said Harland, much moved.



"Yes, you will live to go home and live with us," said Dot, sweetly.

"No—never—never. Alok's grave will be in the deep waters, under the ice. Put her there, where she would rather be than ashore. She dying fast: the spear went too near her heart."

Her voice was now low and faint. Already the dull glazed look of death was coming to her eyes.

"No," she continued, "no more Alok, in her canoe, going among the icebergs, all shivering with sunlight, to hunt for seal or walrus. Her time come, now, and it is well."

"Perhaps something can be done for her," said Harland. "Beaton is something of a doctor. He has told me he studied medicine in his youth."

He summoned Beaton to the spot. The minister bent over the prostrate young woman and examined her wound, pronouncing it incurable. As Alok had said, the spear had passed too near her heart.

"You think of poor Alok, sometimes," she said, turning to Harland, "after she buried in sea?"

"I will never forget you," he answered, fervently, "never."

"Then Alok die happy."

She turned to Dot.

"You no mad with Arctic girl, for trying to get *him* for husband?"

"No, oh, no!" answered Dot, "as you thought I was drowned."

"Yes, me think so. Me very glad you not mad. Poor little Rollok; he loves Alok much; but she leave him with good friend in village, who will take care of him."

The speaker now, for the first time since she was wounded, showed signs of her sufferings.

Her eyebrows were elevated, her lips compressed, and a thick moisture gathered in her beautiful black hair.

Beaton gave her a little wine procured from the pantry, and this seemed to revive Alok, whose eyes brightened, and whose cheek now regained some of its color. The minister, however, said she could not live half an hour longer.

"Are you sure?" inquired Harland.

"Yes."



"Come here," said Alok, faintly, to Dot. "Come near"

The young girl obeyed, and the Arctic beauty, winding her arms round her neck, kissed her fervently on the lips.

"Oh, you be happy with him!" she murmured. "Alok think all come right. You get safe home and have noble, good husband. He was not for poor Alok—too good for Alok. Will the white girl let Alok have one kiss from him?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Dot.

Harland stooped over, and felt the soft arms of the poor girl round his neck.

She pressed her lips to his; then she sunk back.

"Alok die happy."

With these words her spirit passed. There lay, white and beautiful, all that remained of the Arctic belle.

Harland at once had preparations made for her burial. The Esquimaux might otherwise get aboard and obtain possession of her body, ere her dying wishes could be complied with.

The dead form was brought on deck, and rolled up in some hunting, and in the folds of a spare American flag.

It was then deposited in a large box, which had once served the carpenter for a tool-chest. In this box heavy weights were placed, that it might sink when consigned to the deep.

The gangway plank was soon placed in a slanting position; the few men stood with heads uncovered. The Rev. John Beaton read the funeral service, and the box was allowed to slide into the water, where it sunk, disappearing forevermore with poor Alok.

Dot, sobbing, threw herself on Harland's bosom.

"She did much for me," said the young girl. "Oh, if she could only have lived, I would have rewarded her when we reached home."

"And I, too," said Harland, "for it was in shielding me that she received her wound. She bore up so well, until we reached the ship, that I had no idea she was so severely hurt."

"She was a brave girl," sobbed Dot, "and concealed her sufferings for your sake."

"Yes; she would let none of us see her wound while in



the boat, doubtless fearing that, should we discover the extent of her injury, it might interfere with our plans."

Dot now explained to Harland the manner in which she had first met Alok, and said she hoped little Rollok would be well taken care of. Harland said he had no doubt of it, as the Esquimaux women were fond of children.

He then went to the quarter-deck where his men were assembled, to smother his emotion by attending to his ship duties.

"We can never get the craft away from here, without help," said he; "as it is, she must soon be crushed by the ice!"

It was therefore resolved that they should take to one of the whale-boats, and make their way to Archangel Bay for assistance.

"I think that's advisable," said the mate. "That Rook, as he calls himself, not having been arrested, will probably inform his people where the ship is, and we will soon have them upon us."

"Yes," answered Harland, "especially as the craft can not be far from that bay in which we left her anchored. It is a mystery to me why, and by whom, her cable was cut. It is lucky," he added, turning to Dot, "that Rook commenced pounding at the mast, as it was the noise of his ax that drew us hither. Otherwise we might not have found the ship."

Alas! the sound of the ax had also been heard by those who must prove unwelcome visitors; by the Esquimaux, gathered, this morning, on the shores of the bay, where the ship had formerly been.

Cautiously they proceeded in their canoes in the direction of the noise, for they were not sure that it had any connection with the ship, Manton—that it did not come from some other craft.

Finally the noise ceasing, they were at a loss in which direction to go.

Keeping straight on, however, they soon came in sight of the ship, and were seen, looming like ugly fiends through the fog, by those aboard the vessel, just as the party were about lowering one of the whale-boats.

As the men holding on to the falls stood with dismayed



faces, looking at their young captain, an event happened which might, under the circumstances, have been expected.

Ever since the party had come aboard, the strong current had continued to whirl the ice down upon the ship, grinding along under her bottom and pressing up against her sides, with a force that made every timber quiver and tremble.

Now some of those parts of the bergs under water, crushing her keel, were jammed in under it, and she was suddenly lifted up, tilting over on her starboard side, to the height of about six feet above the sea, held in the arms of those solid masses of ice.

The sudden jerk thus given to the craft caused her half-severed foremast to go by the board, falling over on that side toward the canoes, which was comparatively clear of ice.

The Esquimaux screamed and clapped their hands, but their exultation was of short duration; for, in her present elevated position, they could not board the ship. To do so, by way of the icebergs, was also impossible; for these masses were so perpendicular on the side toward the vessel that they could not be descended.

Meanwhile the bergs from the ship to the shore had become so closely packed, that those on the other side of the craft, driven by the current, pressed her with irresistible force up against them.

The stout ribs of the poor ship complained louder every moment.

In a few minutes she must be crushed to pieces!

Hemmed in, on one side by the savages and on the other by the ice, which could not be reached from the ship, owing to the inclination of her yards, the situation of those aboard was indeed perilous; in fact there seemed no way of escape from their impending doom!



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE CLUE.

CAPTAIN RUSSEL persuaded the skippers of two vessels to help him search for the ship Manton.

The crews cheerily worked away at the anchors, which were soon lifted, when the three vessels glided out of the bay.

Meanwhile, down in the Manton's run, the mutineers felt decidedly uncomfortable.

"We all be hung," said little Crook Spoon. "Oh! oh! me sorry me ever go to sea in the Manton!"

"Hush!" said John Spaniard, whose visage, however, showed white with fear through the darkness. "We must never let 'em take us to Sandwich Islands. We must try get away."

"No get away from here," said Crook Spoon, dolefully, clasping his manacled hands.

"Stop talk, coward!" cried John Spaniard, fiercely. "I think we get away."

He gave his wrists a quick jerk, and his irons dropped off.

In fact, they were old ones, and the keen-eyed Spaniard had noticed, when they were put on, that they were cracked.

"See! me free!" he exclaimed.

The others having by this time become somewhat accustomed to the darkness in the run, could dimly see him, on his feet, waving his arms to and fro.

He soon explained how he had freed himself, when his companions commenced jerking their irons vigorously. There were no flaws in *their* handcuffs, and they desisted in despair.

"How you free us?" inquired Crook Spoon.

"I no do that, of course," answered John Spaniard. "I no find key to take *your* irons off."

At this there was a murmur of indignation from the rest.

"You ought to try to help us," said one.

"Me can do no more than help myself."



"Very well," remarked an Englishman of the party; "if you do not try to help us, we will give an alarm the minute you attempt to escape."

The Spaniard drew from the lining of his jumper, in which he had concealed it, a clasp-knife with a long, keen blade.

This he held up, so that its faint glimmer could be seen through the gloom.

"First man who gives alarm me quick stab!" he said, clenching his teeth.

The Englishman said nothing; his companions also remained silent.

Suddenly, however, as the Spaniard, believing he had cowed them all, replaced his knife, the Englishman, handcuffed though he was, threw himself violently against the offender, knocking him down.

Ere he could throw the heavy weight of his body upon him, to hold him and call for assistance from his companions, John, drawing his knife, made a thrust at him, which the Englishman, instinctively holding up his wrists, parried—the blade striking the irons and snapping off.

The next moment two others were upon the prostrate man, holding him down.

"Promise to help us," said the Englishman, squeezing the Spaniard's throat, "or I will choke you!"

"All right, me promise," gasped the fellow, knowing that the speaker would keep his word.

The hand was taken from his throat.

"How can me help you?" he then said.

"By getting a file or saw, and cutting our hand-cuffs. You will doubtless find one in the steerage."

"Very well!"

"Go, then."

The Spaniard at once went to work, displacing the huge coils of rigging, which, aboard this vessel, blocked the passage from the run to the steerage.

It took him many hours to accomplish this task, as the coils were all piled and jammed together as high as the beams above.

At last, his task being finished, he paused for breath.

"Go on," said the Englishman, sternly.



"Yees, go on!" cried little Crook Spoon, rolling over in his glee, and striving to touch the beam above him with his huge feet.

The Spaniard crawled toward the steerage, several of his shipmates moving after him, to see that he did as ordered.

Owing to the free use of his hands, the man moved faster than his guard.

Gaining the steerage, he glanced up to discover that the scuttle was partially open. Through this opening he saw the stars shining in the clear sky above, for it was now night.

In a moment his resolution was taken.

His followers were still many feet behind him, entangled in the rigging, some of which had fallen back, partially blocking the way.

He ascended the steerage steps, and cautiously thrust his head between the scuttle and the combings, to discover, in the dim light, that this part of the deck was deserted. In fact, he could hear the watch forward, hauling on the fore-sheet.

"Now, then," he muttered, and quickly gained the deck. "If boat in which me come is alongside, me can get away."

The night was not very dark, although there was no moon.

The Spaniard glided stealthily to the weather rail, and peering over it, discovered that, as he had suspected, the boat was still alongside. It had been left there until some casks could be cleared away to leave a place for it.

"Better trust to boat than be in prison all life or be hung," muttered the Spaniard. "Me go back to Archangel Bay, and get aboard ship there, which me hear some of the sailors aboard here say was full, and would sail to-morrow."

He quickly descended into the boat, and cutting the warp, was soon far astern of the ship.

Then se'zing the steering-oar, he commenced to scull the boat. He soon discovered, however, that he could make but little headway, as the tide was now against him.

To his dismay, he beheld, in a few minutes, the ship, which had been tacked to weather some bergs ahead, booming along toward him.

He thought that his escape had been discovered, that his



companions had given the alarm, and that the captain was now coming in search of him.

He glanced wildly around him, and in the dim light, seeing some bergs drifting a short distance to leeward, he rapidly sculled the boat toward them.

Just then he heard a noise, which caused him to drop his steering-oar from sheer fright. The noise, a deep, hoarse growl, he imagined was that of a bear. He trembled from head to foot, and crouched low in the boat, which, at this time, was within a foot of the iceberg from which the sound proceeded.

A large, white object emerged from behind a spur of ice; two fiery eyes gleamed upon the trembling wretch.

He sprung up, wild with fear, and again clutched the steering-oar; but the bergs were so thick around him that escape was impossible.

He was horrified to see the animal now make a spring, which carried it directly into the boat, when his fears were a little although not wholly allayed on his discovering that the creature was *not* a bear.

In fact this was Alok's faithful dog, which, setting out in search of its mistress, had drifted away on an iceberg.

It was a fierce animal when not controlled by the loving Alok, and savage Rook had trained it to hate all strangers.

Glaring at the Spaniard a moment, it sprung upon him, fastening its sharp fangs in his arm, which he had held up to parry the attack.

The man deeply regretted the loss of his knife, which would have been of use to him in such an encounter. As it was, having no weapon, he vainly struggled to release himself from the infuriated animal.

Over and over the two rolled in the boat, the Spaniard screaming with pain, as his flesh was lacerated by the sharp teeth of the dog.

He endeavored, with his disengaged hand, to clutch the creature's throat, but the latter easily jerked its strong jaws from his grasp, and continued its fearful work.

Soon its fangs were fastened upon the neck of the unfortunate man, and he must have perished in a short time, but for the sudden appearance of a boat full of seamen.



These men were from the *Corinthian*, which, having passed within a few yards of the spot, the screams of the Spaniard had been heard by those aboard. Captain Russel headed the boat.

"Holloa! what's this?" he shouted. "I believe this is our missing man!"

His orders were promptly given.

One blow from a hatchet would have stretched the creature lifeless in the bottom of the boat, but Captain Russel, aware of the sagacity of the Esquimaux dog, resolved to make use of the animal in his search.

He comprehended that the latter had somehow got adrift from the natives, and felt that it would bark or give some other signal the moment the ship should arrive in the vicinity of the *Manton*, which was doubtless by this time surrounded or boarded by Esquimaux.

Several men, provided with ropes, sprung upon the dog, which, with great difficulty, was at last secured, its jaws tied tightly together, so that it could do no further mischief.

The light of the boat-lantern revealed the sad condition of the Spaniard.

His arm was fearfully lacerated, and he moaned with agony as he lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Upon my word, I feel sorry for you," said the captain, "although you are a mutineer. You now see what you've got by trying to escape from my ship."

"You kill that dog!" said the Spaniard, revengefully "He cause of all my trouble."

"No, not by any means, shall I kill him," answered Russel.

The Spaniard, with the dog, was then taken aboard.

The former's wound was dressed by the mate, who was something of a doctor, after which he was confined in the fore-hold.

Russel then tacked the ship, being now able to weather the icebergs ahead.

The dog was tied to the knightheads that it might be constantly on the look-out, the ropes being taken from around its mouth.

The sagacious animal seemed to comprehend why it was put



there, and contented itself with growling savagely, instead of attempting to bite those who approached it.

All efforts, however, on the part of the skipper to make friends with it were of no avail.

The dog would show its teeth, and then turn its eyes seaward with a wail, as if it were weeping for its lost mistress.

Thus with a good wind, the vessel glided on, the sailors anxiously watching the dog, which would now and then jump to its feet, and prick up its ears with a short, quick bark.

When, however, the captain would veer ship, which he was obliged to do, and which, for hours at a time, would turn him from his first course, the dog would lie down, with a low wail, as if to signify that he was on "the wrong track."

It was observed that the nearer the ship was kept along-shore, the greater the pleasure evinced by the animal, as if its instinct told it that the captain, at such times, was approaching the object of its search.

If the faithful animal could have expressed itself more plainly, the captain would have learned that it caught sight of Alok, when it first set out to look for her, going away in a canoe, and that its endeavors to follow her had been the cause of its getting adrift.

Two days passed, when, one morning, just as the captain was about ordering the vessel headed on a different course, believing that nothing could be discovered in the present direction, the dog sprang to its feet, barking with a strange, mournful vehemence, while its great eyes seemed moistened with tears as it gazed straight ahead, toward a berg the ship was approaching.

The captain watched the animal intently, then hailed the keen look-outs at the three mast-heads :

"Ahoy, there !"

"Ay, ay, sir !"

"Do you see any thing ?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Look sharp !"

"Ay, ay, sir !"

The dog still continued to bark.

All hands crowded round the bows, looking vainly for the object which must have attracted its attention.



"Mr. Gibbs," said the captain to his mate, "that dog sees something. We had better back the main-yards!"

This was done.

"Now lower a boat and look around."

The boat was lowered, and the crew pulled in many different directions, but their search for a long time was vain.

"What's that?" said a tall, keen-eyed Gayheader, suddenly jumping up and pointing toward the berg ahead of the ship.

What appeared to be a long strip of cloth was now observed, adhering to a spur of ice on top of the berg. This the crew had not previously observed, owing to the glitter of the sun shining upon that part of the ice and thus blinding their vision.

They pulled thither, and were soon on top of the frozen mass, to discover that the cloth was a piece of a blue mantle, which had evidently been torn off the garment.

And this it was, a piece of cloth which Alok had dropped while tearing her mantle to bind some of the strips round the spear-wound, that had evidently attracted the attention of the dog, the latter recognizing it as a piece of the girl's attire.

The men returned aboard ship, showing the cloth to the captain, who held it up before the dog, which then acted as if it would go mad.

The captain holding it still nearer, the animal commenced to lick it, and to softly paw it, uttering mournful wails while doing so.

Then it again looked toward the berg, barking vehemently, as if believing that its mistress was there.

The captain took the dog to the berg in the boat.

The moment it was upon the ice, the animal ran hither and thither, jumping about, and barking still more vehemently, while holding its nostrils close to the surface. At last it uttered a long, mournful howl, and ran toward the edge of the ice, looking straight ahead, the moisture running in drops like tears from its eyes.

"Depend upon it," said the captain, "that we are not far from those we are after. We will keep the craft straight ahead, on a line with that berg."



He returned to the ship with the dog, and the vessel was soon again booming along on her course.

On this day, the Spaniard having pleaded for a little fresh air, had been conducted on deck.

His left arm was in a sling and his neck was bandaged.

He walked to and fro awhile, then, suddenly, his glance falling on the dog, his eyes flashed fire.

Ere any person could prevent him, he picked up an ax, and rushing upon the dog, laid it dead on the knightheads with one blow of his weapon!

It would have fared hard with the prisoner, but for the interference of the captain, who would not permit a man to lay hands on him.

He ordered the Spaniard conducted into the hold, saying that he would never permit him on deck again, and would put a chain and ball upon him as soon as his wound healed.

The ship was kept on her course for several hours, but nothing was seen.

A fog, however, had now settled on the sea.

"When it clears," said the captain, "I hope there will be some sign of those we are after."

"Ay, ay," answered the mate, "but I'm sorry that poor dog was killed, as it would have helped us, I dare say."

Another hour had passed, when the mate, walking the lee side of the quarter-deck, suddenly paused.

"Hark!" said he to the captain, who was on the other side; "did you hear nothing?"

The captain listened, and thought he could distinguish a dull sound in the distance.

It became clearer as the vessel proceeded.

"It sounds like somebody chopping with an ax!" said he.

The ship was headed straight for the noise, all hands keeping a keen look-out on the bow.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE FATE OF WATERS.

WHEN the Ice-Fiend left the Manton, as described, he paddled rapidly through the channel into which he had guided his canoe; then, turning the light vessel into another strip of water, extending through the drifting masses of ice along shore, he kept on toward the bay in which the ship had formerly been anchored.

He had made his escape just in time to avoid pursuit—the bergs, as mentioned, closing up behind him ere he had gone far.

From the place he now occupied, however, there extended plenty of clear water; so he resolved to keep on, that he might get as near as was possible to the Esquimaux village, ere disembarking.

“Rook left the dead bear in the cave,” he muttered, “and he must go and cut up his prize and carry it to his home ere some other person gets it.”

Paddling rapidly ahead, with his restless eyes turned in every direction, he suddenly beheld the form of a man looming through the fog, from a shelf of ice, projecting near the summit of a rugged, lofty berg.

He stood up, and taking a keen survey of the person, was sure it was Ben Waters. The man looked haggard, worn and hungry. Particles of ice glittered in his hair, and his garb was torn in many places, caused by his scrabbling about in the ice.

A look of dark exultation crossed the face of Rook, who, owing to his short stature, and low situation, was so obscured by the fog that Ben could not see him.

“Now Rook have revenge,” muttered the Ice-Fiend, as he carefully prepared his spear for darting. “Waters thinks I do not know him. Ho! ho! we shall see! Can I ever forget the scars he left upon Rook’s back? No, no! I will kill him, and trample him under my feet!”



By saying, he directed the canoe round the other side of the berg, and mounted the elevation.

Waters was still gazing ahead, but Rook had not advanced three steps when he turned and beheld him.

There was that in the aspect of the dwarf which at once convinced the wretch that he could expect no mercy at the hands of this creature.

He drew back with a cry of terror. The face of Rook was almost black with passion, and, with his bulging, fiery eyes, and the nostrils of his flat nose expanding, he looked more like a goblin than a human being.

“What do you want, my friend?” said Waters, in the Esquimaux dialect.

“Hah! what Rook want? You shall soon see! You flog poor Rook! You almost kill him, and he now come for revenge!”

With these words, he drew off, hurling his spear at the miserable man.

Ben dodged the weapon; but, in doing so, his foot slipped, and he fell flat upon his face. Ere he could rise, the dwarf was upon him, and a desperate struggle ensued. Over and over the two men rolled, clutching at each other's throats, and fighting with fist, tooth and nail.

Weakened by his late hardships, Waters was the inferior of his adversary in strength. He was struggling for his life, however, and for a long time, the result of the combat seemed doubtful.

Rook's spear having caught in a rift of ice, he made several unsuccessful efforts to dislodge it.

At last having got the exhausted Waters under him, with both knees pressing heavily on his breast, and his left hand squeezing his throat, he finally succeeded, with his right, in dislodging his spear, which he now lifted with the point directed toward the prostrate man.

“Mercy! mercy!” screamed Waters.

“Did you show Rook mercy, aboard your schooner? No. When he begged you not to flog him so hard—when his people begged—did you comply? No. You laid the blows on harder—and you threw salt on his back, where it was cut. Dog! I kill you, now!”



"Mercy ! mer—"

Down went the spear, driven clear through the body of the wretched man, the sharp point sinking several inches into the ice beneath him, thus impaling him on the berg.

A horrible fate ! But his sufferings were not long—he died in a minute.

With shrieks of exultation, the Ice-Fiend danced about the body a moment ; then he cut the warp from the spear, saying, "Rook has plenty more," and left the body in this situation—with the sharp weapon protruding from it !

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Meanwhile aboard the ship Manton, the little party of whites heard the bending timbers booming thunder all around them.

The Rev. John Beaton had thrown himself upon his knees and was praying. The four sailors stood by the rail, with white lips, and ghastly faces, expecting every moment to be crushed in the icy shroud closing around them.

On the quarter-deck stood Harland, an arm thrown round the waist of Dot, her arms about his neck, her cheek resting upon his shoulder, her soft eyes upturned to his.

"We will die together," she said, "if we must perish ! Oh Fred ! Fred !"

In agony he drew her closer to him, and glanced round him.

No way of escape ! The ice on one side, and the savages on the other !

The latter, aware of what must take place, stood upright in their canoes, waving their paddles and spears about their heads, and uttering screams of exultation.

Suddenly the fog lightened ; a gleam of sunlight had stolen into it, tinging it of a silver and golden color, while in clouds it began to roll away.

"See ! see !" cried Dot. "Oh, Fred, may not that be a signal of hope ?"

Half wild in her terror, she scarcely knew what she said.

A deafening crash went through the ship. One of the timbers had given way, and the deck forward rose as if the planks were being lifted by invisible hands.

"Cr-r-ack ! Bang ! boong ! boong ! snap ! snap !"



All round them the cminous sounds were heard like the discharge of musketry.

Then came another deafening crash, and the bulwarks, fore and aft, fell in, crushed to fragments.

Then a ripping, booming sound ran along under their feet, and they were lifted up and thrown down, as the planks flew from the nails holding the board strips to the timbers.

They struggled to their feet, and all mounted to the top of the round-house, an elevated platform aft.

Forward the closing ice now was crushing the vessel as if she were an egg-shell.

The ruin was gradually creeping aft. Timbers, boards, booms, yards and masts were all going to pieces.

Two of the men rushed to the side to precipitate themselves into the sea.

"Hold!" came the ringing voice of Harland.

"We have a right to choose our death, sir!" cried one of the men, sullenly.

The captain was bending forward over the stern, peering through a clear vista in the fog.

"Sail 'O!" he cried. "We are saved!"

Yes, there, sure enough, was a large whale-ship, booming along straight toward the spot.

A cheer that went up to the very skies, burst from the men; for all now could see the approaching vessel.

The Esquimaux saw it, too, and, scattering in all directions, soon disappeared among the drifting bergs.

When within three ships' lengths of the wreck, the vessel hauled to, and a boat was lowered.

Meanwhile Harland had secured a rope to the middle of the spanker-boom, as the boat's crew would not probably dare to venture closer to the vessel, for fear of being also caught in the ice.

The young captain, with Dot in his arms, crawled out on the boom, having secured a plank to one end of the rope. Upon this he carefully adjusted the young girl, and, assisted by his shipmates, lowered her to the sea, just as the boat arrived.

She was taken in, and the men soon followed, Harland insisting on being the last to leave his vessel.



All were finally in the boat, which was now pulled for the ship.

"Are you the captain?" said the long-limbed man who headed the boat; who, in fact, was the skipper, John Russel.

The young man answered in the affirmative.

"Thank God we came just in time to save you!" cried Russel. "I have been cruising round, several days, in search of you, and don't think I should have found you at all, but for an Esquimaux dog we picked up, which led me straight to the spot."

"Such are the ways of Providence," remarked the Rev. John Beaton; "what we deemed our greatest peril--those Esquimaux, has proved our salvation."

A deafening crash, as if a hundred guns were discharged, now was heard, and, gazing toward the ship, all beheld the icy shroud closing around every part of the vessel, grinding and crushing her to fragments in its frozen jaws!

Dot shuddered, thinking what a narrow escape, and drew yet closer to the side of Harland.

Then she glanced fearfully around her.

"Is there not still danger of our being attacked by the Esquimaux?" she inquired. "May they not dart suddenly upon us—from some unexpected quarter?"

"No danger, ma'am," said Captain Russel. "I have thirty good men aboard, and plenty of muskets in the cabin, besides all our harpoons and lances. Those fellows are cowardly, and will only attack a vessel when they are greatly in the majority."

"What prompted you to come in search of us? How knew you of our danger, sir?" inquired Harland.

"Oh, I meant to tell you," and he then explained about the mutineers.

"From what I gleaned from them, I judged you to be in tight quarters, and as I would do to others as I'd have them do to me, do you see, I got up anchor, determined to look for you. I persuaded the captains of two other vessels in the Bay, to do the same, and they also are in search of you. They were in sight, before the fog came up, and I doubt not they will be again when it clears."

At this assurance of safety, the roses came back to Dot's



cheeks, and she smiled, while Harland, grasping Russel's hand, thanked him warmly.

They were soon aboard the *Corinthian*, where Dot was kindly treated by the captain's wife, who, as is often the case in the whaling service, had accompanied her husband for the voyage.

When the fog cleared, the other whalers were sighted. They came up, the crews and officers visited each other, and the late occurrence formed an exciting topic of conversation.

The captain of the *Corinthian* kindly remained cruising in this vicinity for several days, in the hope that Harland might be enabled to pick up something of value floating about among the crushed fragments of his vessel, when the ice should give way.

The ice gave way, eventually, but nothing could be found. Every thing had been crushed—destroyed—by the closing bergs.

A week later, the *Corinthian*, being a full ship, sailed for the Sandwich Islands, where she arrived in a month.

The twenty deserters were taken lodged in the calaboose by the U. S. Consul, and sentenced to hard labor for a year.

Dot Winton and Harland were made man and wife at the islands, after which they took passage in a vessel bound home to New Bedford, which they reached in good time.

Harland obtained another vessel, in which he performed such successful voyages, (taking Dot with him on one of them) that he was finally able to set up business as a prosperous merchant.

He was in the Arctic Ocean, in 18—, when he learned from the captain of another whaler, that the body of a man had, several years before, been found by him impaled upon an ice-berg.

From the description he doubted not that the remains discovered were those of Ben Waters.

He then made inquiries to ascertain if the skipper had seen or heard any thing of Rook, the Ice-Fiend.

The man answered that he had heard from the men of a French whaler, that they had picked up, not long since, adrift upon an ice-cake, a little dwarfish Esquimaux of singular appearance, apparently almost dead from hunger. He could



not speak, but, from his wasted appearance, it was evident he had been on the berg for many days—had probably got adrift on it, during a gale.

Every thing was done to restore him to health ; but he was too far gone, and breathed his last in a few hours.

That the person mentioned was Rook, Harland had no reason to doubt ; for never since have the Arctic sailors seen or heard of that terror of the frozen regions—the **malicious Ice-Fiend.**



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I. Taine, Jane and Bajazet.

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Aunt Folly's lesson. For four ladies.  
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Wise and foolish little girl. For two girls.  
A child's inquiries. For small child and teacher.  
The cooking club. For two girls and others.  
How to do it. For two boys.  
A hundred years to come. For boy and girl.  
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Above the skies. For two small girls.  
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The fairy's warning. Dress piece. For two girls.  
Aunt Eunice's experiment. For several.  
The mysterious G. G. Two females and one male.  
We'll have to mortgage the farm. For one male and two females.  
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The auction. For numerous characters.



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
Dat's wat's de matter, The Miss ssippi miracle, Ven to tide cooms in, Dose lams vot Mary har got, Pat O'Flaherty on wo- man's rights, The home rulers, how they "spakes," Hezekiah Dawson or Mothers-in-law, He didn't sell the farm. The true story of Frank lin's kite, I would I were a boy again, A pathetic story,	All about a bee, Scandal, A dark side view, Te pesser vay, On learning German, Mary's shinnall vite lamb A healthy discourse, Folins so to speak, Old Mrs. Grimes, - parody, Mars and cats, Bill Underwood, pilot, Old Granlay, The pill peddler's ora- tion, Vidder Green's last words,	Latest Chinese outrage, The manifest destiny of the Irishman, Peggy McCann, Sprays from Josh Bil- lings, De circumstances ob de sitiuation, Dar's nuffin new under de sun, A Negro religious poem, That violin, Picnic delights, Our c ndidate's views, Dundreary's wisdom, Plain language by truth- ful Jane,	My neighbor's dogs, Condensed Mythology, Pictus, The Nereides, Legends of Attila, The stove-pipe tragedy A doketor's drabbles, The coming man, The illigant affair at Muldoon's, That little baby round the corner, A genewine inference, An invitation to the bird of liberty, The crow, Out west.
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Poor cousins. Three ladies and two gentlemen. Mountains and mole-hills. Six ladies and several spectators. A test that did not fail. Six boys. Two ways of seeing things. Two little girls. Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Four ladies and a boy. All is fair in love and war. 3 ladies, 2 gentlemen. How uncle Josh got rid of the legacy. Two males, with several transformations.	The lesson of mercy. Two very small girls. Practice what you preach. Four ladies. Politician. Numerous characters. The canvassing agent. Two males and two females. Grub. Two males. A slight scare. Three females and one male. Embodied sunshine. Three young ladies. How Jim Peters died. Two males.
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